

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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GENIALITY OF ARTIST LIFE.

It is some centuries since the self-elected good people of the world have warned themselves, as well as everybody else, against the Satanic agencies of the theatre, including playwrights, play-actors, and especially play-actresses. Now, if there is anything wrong in the conduct and private manners of actors and actresses, these good people surely are doing good service in cautioning the community against them and their wiles, for sure it is that there are no more engaging people, as a class and as individuals, than they.

Setting this down as a recognized fact—for it is presumed that no person capable of judging will deny it—it surely must be well to analyze their manners, and strive to discover this subtle aroma which spices their semi-public life—the evanescent bouquet which exhales such benign delights, impregnating whole assemblages with its witching influence.

And first, can it be any extra or unusual knowledge or



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grace, cultivation of body or mind, which comes from their professional studies and experience? Most surely it can be none of these; there are no learned men or strong-minded women among them. Search the whole profession through, save and except in the field of *belles-lettres*, in poetry, music, the fine arts and language, you cannot find one out of this whole class who has been distinguished in science or positive knowledge; nor would such modern reformers as Mrs. Kemble or Olive Logan claim to possess any of these attributes.

Nor does it spring from self-assertion of qualities not possessed, for we question if there is less of the bumptious, arrogant peculiarities noticeable in any society, than in this artistic circle. On the contrary, modesty is the most marked characteristic in their general intercourse, both among themselves and with the world. It springs in part, no doubt, from their professional surroundings, where tinsel and glitter are made to represent the real gold and gems, and the differ-



NEW YORK CITY.—ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, ANIMAL BUILDING—THE YOUNG LIONS AND LIONESSES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.

ence between the positive and the pretended is thus a matter of daily experience; and partly from the habits of a life, in which each has his duty to perform, each his brief hour upon the stage; and they are content to wait their turn, placidly allowing others to shine, awaiting the coming of the call-boy and their own cue. Hence the absence of impatient assumption and officious attempts of conspicuousness, more or less seen in every other form of ordinary society.

The fact, too, that one who to-day is king or queen, ruling with regal pomp, authority and absolutism over all around, to-morrow is the veriest slave, crouching and cringing before another sitting on the same throne, and arrayed in the imperial purple which so lately adorned him, and that both together—stripped of diadem and ermine robe, with face washed from Ethiopic hue, and freed from grim contortion—unite in friendly equality over a hasty supper—these semblances and imaginings, for the time made real in the true actor's mind, must inevitably affect his heart and influence his life. They do thus produce a nearer approximation to democratic equality than is found, perhaps, in any other sphere of life, and an equality of condition and a status dependent upon the actual superiority of the interior man.

Nor is it superior personal beauty or grace that brings this charm. Actors, indeed, are no more frequently distinguished for extreme personal beauty than other classes of society—although there are many instances of men, both past and present, like Booth and Lester Wallack, and women like Kellogg and Henriques—but with actors, as elsewhere in the world, personal beauty is but too apt to exert a belittling influence upon the individual, and is more apt to be a recommendation for blondes, figurantes and ballet-girls than for *les premiers rôles*. Beauty is generally the most fatal gift for the artist, who is too apt to rely upon it to the neglect of that æsthetic culture, without which real success is impossible.

If, then, it is not extraordinary mental attainments, not uncommon personal beauty or graces of body, not arrogant assumption of any or all of these, to what, is owing that delicious fascination in the manners of the actor, that entrancing pleasure we feel during the hours, which always seem too brief, spent with these gentlemen and ladies of the sock and buskin?

If it is replied that it springs from the fascination of novelty, we are but begging the question, which comes up, only in a changed form, What is that novelty, so entrancing, so delicious?

It seems to be but honest simplicity of character. Strange as it may seem, the professional actor—he who counterfeits every shade of character, and, imitating, may deceive any and all—in social life utterly discards artifice, strips off the mask, and is, in his association with society and the world, his simple, undisguised self in honest garb and bearing. The mother finds no more devoted exemplars than she who affects the woes of Ophelia or Mrs. Haller; and the purse is opened for melting charity as quickly by him who, as the spendthrift-prodigal, has cast his jingling purse on the mock gaming-table, or given it to a hero-assassin as reward for some foul deed, as by the more ostentatious almsgiver of conventional society.

The soldier who braves death daily, the sailor who confronts the elements at the constant peril of his own life, share in warm-hearted and open-handedness with the actor who, but in imagination, sees the gory field, and to whom storms and perils and shipwreck are but fancies. Whether or not this close contemplation of imaginary scenes, and the dread realities of these sanguinary lives, do alike affect the interior character, certain it is that in all these classes there is a like *bonhomie*. This, in society, colors the manners and forms a disposition to contribute each his share of good humor, fellowship, and such faculties as each may possess, to enliven the passing hour and increase the general happiness. Thus the home circles of Parepa and Wallack and Howard Paul and Miss Henriques and (as we learn by report) the Florences and Mrs. Hoey are fairy rings, in whose charmed intercourse, free from the restraint of the starch and buckram of conventional society, happiness reigns.

And here may surely be found a moral for general reflection. The happiness, the admiration, the highest virtues of life spring from simplicity. No one says, "Friend, why hast thou not on a wedding-garment," for the fullest license is permitted for the eccentricities, the tastes, the follies even, of individuals, when each brings his willing faculties, however imperfect they may be, as a contribution toward the general fund for the enjoyment of the occasion, and, at the same time modestly awaiting his call, and not pertinaciously striving to force the melodiousness of his own penny-whistle upon the unwilling ears of those who might find better use for them.

Simplicity, modesty, *bonhomie*, are the key-notes to this harmony. Strike but these chords, and the inanities of fashionable life would disappear,

the pomp of mere fashion, the emptiness of conventional life, would flee away like the mist of the morning; and by studying and adopting these elements from the artist life, so ignorantly depreciated by the many, you will bring back to the world of fashion and general society a charm and life now unknown.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

337 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are imposters.

A GRIM JOKE.

Our civilization is still on the advance. It is quite certain that the world moves. The latest evidence of this—an evidence startlingly conclusive—comes from a high legal authority. We mean, locally "high." This is the District Attorney of Kings County. With a view, possibly, to re-election, or a prospective anticipation of Congress, or, at any rate, a State Senatorship, he has come out with a bid for reputation. It is a heavy bid—a bid which may well astonish the legislative Leeds and Miners of Albany. He does not address his fellow-citizens, the peaceable voters, who care not a cent, or are afraid to care a cent for State honors and emoluments. He does not even apply to the men who manipulate the influential class that control our representatives. He appeals to that class above his own signature.

S. D. Morris has frankly written a letter, which has managed to find its way into the journals—we necessarily conclude without his own connivance—"TO THE RIVER-THIEVES, CUT-THROATS AND MURDERERS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN."

He is candid in the extreme. It is most respectfully he admits that they have out-generated him. With a genuinely hearty truth, he puts the case very plainly in his letter. Having explained that a respected member of their influential body—Edwin Perry, Esq.—has been admitted to bail without his knowledge, he continues thus:

"The delay in notifying you of the latter circumstance was occasioned entirely by my ignorance of the fact before the official announcement this morning; but you, whose sources of information are so much better than my own, that you were aware of the result in Cherry street two days ago, will readily and kindly excuse the omission on my part; and in view of the satisfactory conclusion, will probably be good enough to forego your amiable intentions, so forcibly and warmly expressed toward myself in the communications already referred to. I deem it all the more necessary to call your attention to the subject, as the immunity heretofore occasionally enjoyed by you in your lawless business has been recently increased to such an extent as to render murder in this county entirely and absolutely safe hereafter, no risk whatever attaching to the felonious taking of human life."

Mr. S. D. Morris evidently feels that he has to change his tactics. He may possibly have heretofore not been a Democrat. How is it possible that he should now refrain from becoming so. With a delicious frankness, he pleads for compassion at the hands of the enlightened class with whom he is corresponding. He implies a disinclination to attempt bringing any more of these "distinguished" gentlemen to justice, and concludes thus:

"Besides, gentlemen, as your business is done out of court and mine is done in court, we will not necessarily conflict hereafter, and inasmuch as your business will be done out of court before I begin in court, we need not necessarily quarrel any more."

What do you say, our noble friends, the "RIVER-THIEVES, CUT-THROATS, AND MURDERERS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN?" Will you not pardon S. D. Morris, the District Attorney of Kings County, for his honest testimony to your omnipotence in the courts?

For the first time has an officer of the law spoken the truth upon this vital subject. He owns clearly up. He says that he is unable to carry out that which, with the natural perversity of human—legal human nature, he hitherto believed to be right and honest. He admits that you can control the courts more than he can influence them. If you believe him, he pledges himself to do you no more injury.

You may rob and murder, and be bailed out, and rob and murder again. He cannot help it, as times are.

Inalienable freedom gives you the use of the slung-shot, the revolver and the knife, as it has hitherto given him the right to attempt to abrogate it. S. D. Morris sees this. He knows that you are more influential as a class, than he is as a law officer. Therefore, he quietly knocks under. In a pleading tone—for we confess we can scarcely suppose him insane enough to have attempted irony—he appeals to you, for kindly consideration. Give it to him, in the shape of the first fat office in the legislative portion of the State Government, at your disposal. If he is sincere in his implied

regret, good for him. If insincere—which, on reflection, we conceive may be barely possible—the better, our noble friends, for you.

"WAS THERE EVER SUCH A WINTER?"

An impression has gone abroad; through the agency of the press, that the present winter has been warmer than any preceding one in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," which is not strictly correct, for whenever we trust to our memory only, we are liable to err; but when we can refer to records made at the time of the occurrence, the result is often very different from the impression upon our minds from memory. Such is the result in this case, as may be seen by examining a register kept in this city for the Smithsonian Institution, in which the temperature for the two months past—i. e., December and January—was not as high as it was in December, 1857, and January, 1858, by 6.445° Fahrenheit.

The following abstract, from a register for the years from 1854 to 1870 inclusive, giving the mean temperature, the maximum and minimum, with the quantity of rain and melted snow, for each of the months and years, will substantiate the truth of the assertion that figures are reliable.

It will also be seen that December, 1869, was 1.132° warmer than the average for the sixteen years. The maximum for the sixteen years occurred in 1865, viz.: 69°, while in 1869 it was only 54.6°. The minimum was in 1866, viz.: 1°, while in 1869 it was 10°. The greatest range of temperature was in 1859, viz.: 61.2°; the least in 1868, 33.7°. The range for 1869 was only 0.7° above the mean average for the sixteen years.

January, 1870, was 7.094° warmer than the average for the seventeen years, but not so warm as 1858 by 1.153°. The maximum in January during the seventeen years was in 1864, viz.: 61.5°, while in 1870 it was 56.2°. The minimum occurred in 1866, viz.: 13° below zero; in 1870 it was 15° above zero. The greatest range was in 1866, viz.: 62°; the least in 1858, 37°. The range for January, 1870, was 41.2°, or 1.9° less than the average for the whole seventeen years.

DATE.	JANUARY.				DECEMBER.			
	MEAN.	MAX.	MIN.	RAIN.	MEAN.	MAX.	MIN.	RAIN.
1854	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1855	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1856	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1857	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1858	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1859	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1860	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1861	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1862	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1863	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1864	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1865	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1866	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1867	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1868	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1869	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53
1870	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53	33.862	52.0	17.0	2.53

The mean for the month of December for sixteen years was 33.948°; rain, 4.4417 3-4 inches; Mean maximum, 39.920°; maximum, 69.0°; minimum, 1.0°; rain, 6.86 inches. Range, 68°. In January, during the same period, the mean was 30.777°; rain, 4.29 inches; mean maximum, 39.025°; maximum, 61.5°; minimum, -13.0; rain, 5.74 inches. Range, 74.5°.

The greatest quantity of water for December fell in 1855, viz.: 6.86 inches; the least in 1861, viz.: 1.73 inches. The greatest quantity of water for January fell in 1859, viz.: 5.74 inches; the least in 1854, viz.: 2.33 inches.

THE POST-OFFICE AND THE TELEGRAPH.

An article on the workings of the British postal system in connection with the telegraphic method of communication, with the unusual rules prescribed by the government, is printed in the last number, at hand, of the *London Saturday Review*. As the question of assuming control of the telegraph-wires in this country is now earnestly discussed, and will, in all probability, be introduced into Congress during its present sitting, we have excerpted the leading points of the article, and present them to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for their consideration:

It is unlucky that communication, both by telegraphs and by cable, should be thrown into confusion at the same moment. If it was desirable to transfer the management of the telegraphic system to the Post-Office, some inconvenience during the process of transition was obviously inevitable. For some time to come, it is probable that the new operators will be still more incompetent than their predecessors, especially as many postmasters and postmistresses have reached or passed middle life; yet there is no present reason to believe that the Post-Office will inflict the wanton annoyance on all concerned. The uniform charge which is to be established throughout the United Kingdom will be generally acceptable. A

message of not more than twenty words will only cost one shilling, and the names and addresses of the sender and receiver will not be charged for. The additional charges for repetition of messages, and for delivery, beyond certain limited distances, appear to be reasonable.

Foreign proper names ought, perhaps, to be excepted from the extra charge, because they cannot be translated; but it is perfectly fair that they should be taxed when they are preceded by foreign titles, or by barbarous mixtures of languages, such as the Duke D'Aumale or the Duke De Broglie. A more questionable rule prescribes that combined words made up of two or more ordinary English words, shall be charged for according to the number of words making up the combined word; but the names of trades, such as linen-draper or share-broker, will be counted only as single words. It appears that a man may telegraph to his wife about his butler without being charged for two words, but he must take care how he mentions his footman or his coachman. A bowler is excepted from the rule, but a wicket-keeper or a long-stop will always count double. An arbitrary exemption is allowed to words commonly united by hyphens, of which country-house is given as an example. As it is not an invariable custom to use the hyphen in the word or words country-house, the sender of messages will be well advised in supplying the defect. "Don't," "couldn't," and "shouldn't," are to be charged as single words; and it may be feared that the rule will tend to encourage the use in writing of familiar abbreviations. Parentheses, which are avoided as much as possible by the best writers, and inverted commas, which are often unnecessarily used, are very properly to be charged for as two extra words. The application of the same rule to italics is equally laudable, though it will impose either a pecuniary burden or a painful act of self-denial on all ladies who correspond by telegraph. In Continental messages it is expressly provided that the word *Anhydropesterion* is to be charged for as two words. It would, perhaps, have been still fairer to charge it by syllables, as an unintelligible word belonging to no known language. The cases in which a consignment of anhydropesterions will be ordered or advised by telegraph, will, it may be hoped, not be of frequent occurrence. The regulations for the transmission and price of foreign messages are dependent on the arrangements which may have been made by foreign post-offices. The detailed rules which thus become necessary are, in some instances, perplexing, but there appears to be no want of clearness in their mode of expression.

The payment for telegraphic messages is, as far as possible, to be made in stamps; and where the object is rather to save a post than to insure immediate delivery, there will be great convenience in the opportunity of depositing stamped messages in wall or pillar letter-boxes. The message will be sent by the first delivery to the nearest postal telegraphic office, and then forwarded by wire. In London, the arrangement would often shorten the communication by two or three hours. Additional facilities for correspondence will probably be supplied, as the operators acquire greater readiness, and in accordance with the wants which will be suggested by experience. As long as a shilling is the maximum charge, the department has no reason to fear a competition between the telegraph and the letter-post. Although uniformity is, as a rule, advantageous, it might, perhaps, be worth while to have a separate and lower rate for messages confined to the limits of the metropolitan delivery, or of similar districts in large towns. If a trader at a counting-house in the city is willing to pay fourpence for the opportunity of telling his wife that he has asked a friend to dinner, the Post-Office will be the richer for forwarding a message which probably might not be thought worth a shilling. The act by which the telegraphs were transferred, providing for more important messages, a security which scarcely existed under the administration of the companies. All the operators are bound to secrecy, on penalty of misdemeanor, if they intercept or publish any information confided to their care. The penal provision of the act, though it will seldom be enforced, records a valuable rule, which is recalled by the official instructions to the memory of subordinate functionaries. It will be the interest of local governing bodies to facilitate, as far as possible, the establishment of the new system.

Does death follow immediately upon decapitation? This question, which has been often and elaborately discussed by physiologists, has recently been brought up anew in Paris by the guillotining of the murderer Traupmann. Dr. Pinel has published a letter upon it, in which he takes the ground that the trunk retains life after the head is separated from it for a long period, though it ceases to have any consciousness as soon as it is emptied of blood. The head, he says, on the other hand, both lives and thinks, sometimes one hour, sometimes two, and even three. The brain remains uninjured, and continues its functions until it is benumbed by loss of blood and of the nervous fluid. It sees, hears, and smells, and must therefore suffer the most cruel agonies. For this reason the learned doctor denounces the guillotine as altogether too cruel a punishment, even for the most atrocious murderer.

Mr. Louis (Lewis?), sometime ago, say eleven years, more or less, part proprietor or editor of the *London Spectator* (a periodical well-written and fair in its discussions), has come to this country, and adopted it! Bravo for Louis! But did he ever suspect that the United States collectively, or in its individual representatives, has got a long way past being patronized by knights of the quill, even though they have the respectable stamp of *ex-Spectator* on their right shoulders?

SENATOR HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, speaks on the Cuban question in a noble manner. "All men," says Mr. Wilson, "are entitled to liberty, and all colonies, by whomsoever planted, nurtured and held, have the right, when they have grown strong enough to maintain self-government, to independence. The people of Cuba, of Canada, of any colony, if

they desire it, should have independence and self-government. A colonial condition should be temporary, because it is not the highest condition for development. All liberty-loving Americans would hail and welcome the emancipation of the Cuban slaves, and the independence of the Cuban colonists." This is the language of a statesman who has not unlearned the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

The Herald remarks, pointedly: "Under cover of the technicalities of international law, the United States crushes the republic of Cuba, her neighbor. It is pretended that international law makes us helpless in the case. International law is supposed to be the rule of international right. Here the right is all the other way, and we perpetrate a great political wrong rather than clear away these cobwebs of so-called law. We are ashamed to assert before the world our own view of national right, although it is our traditional policy that that view must prevail this side the Atlantic. Did ever a great power act on a more pitiful policy?"

SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

It is difficult for any one, even for the medical man in daily contemplation of the horrors attendant upon disease, to realize to-day the full measure of that calamity, from which, by the discovery of Jenner, we have been delivered. Even a study of history, with its statistical statements of the numbers that, of the various epidemics, died of small-pox in various cities, and the entire aggregated numbers of the victims of a single season, or in the world since its creation—facts to fill our minds with a due appreciation of the dire evils of past days, or our present blessing. There is wanting in all these statements the personal interest necessary to impress the mind. It is like the statement that one or more souls is every minute freed from the fetters of the flesh, and is winging its way to the unseen world. We look upon it as a necessity, and part of the plan of living.

But if we take such a work as Miss Muhlbach's "Joseph I.," we then begin to have a personal interest in the matter. Those that we love—sweet, charming damsels, noble men, and grand, imperious women—are dying all around us. Small-pox seems to be the direful fate of the royal family, and one after another, strikes down, with a fatal blow, almost every member of this family, that rules over us and sways our destinies, we begin to feel that the plague is around us, in our very midst, and, in imagination, realize its gloomy horrors.

This is the attitude in which we should be placed in order to realize our present condition. Almost with the regularity of the season, came this fearful epidemic, sweeping away its hundreds and thousands, taking one or more of the imperial family, according to its virulence.

It was generally recognized that it was a necessity for every one to be seized by this disease. Sooner or later, every individual, with rare exceptions, was made to feel its awful sufferings, and to run its fearful risk to life, and more surely, if life remains, to ever after show its horrible ravages. Beauty became deformity, and the sweet expression supposed to betoken an interior serenity of soul, became a disgusting leer, or a baleful frown.

It being thus recognized that every one, sooner or later, must undergo this terrible ordeal, many methods were essayed to lessen its virulence; diet and medication of the system when the epidemic was present was very generally attempted.

In the East, so long ago as any knowledge of this disease is recorded, in addition to this preparing the system, the disease itself was communicated to the individual. This was a serious matter. The patient prepared his body by cooling drinks, by cathartics, and sometimes by blood-letting, and always by prolonged dieting. He arranged his business matters, settled up his accounts, and made his will; he endeavored to reconcile himself to God by prayer and holy conversation and reading.

Thus prepared for death, he left his house, and his home, and his friends, and went to a hospital, or pest-house, and there, with the point of a lancet, the physician in charge, raised the skin and inserted underneath, the secretion of a pustule, or a portion of the scab from one who had the disease mildly, hoping, that with all these precautions, a light form of small-pox might ensue. This was called inoculation, and was artificially introducing the true and genuine disease called variola, or small-pox.

Voltaire, in 1727, first in Europe advised this operation, stating, that it was the custom among the Circassians and Georgians, celebrated for their beautiful women, and esteemed the type of the white race; and that most of the twenty thousand who died in Paris in 1720 of this disease, would have been saved by inoculation.

His writing had, however, but little effect, and, although known to the profession, and to a very limited degree practised in Denmark; it was not till Lady Mary Wortley Montague, travelling in the Orient, and impressed with its utility, had her son thus inoculated in Constantinople in 1717, and her daughter in London in 1721, that any great attention was attracted to it.

Six condemned criminals at Newgate were used for the next trial under governmental direction, and afterward the Princess of Wales made her own children the subject of successful experiment in 1822. The results of these initial essays were such, that general confidence took the place of the former doubts, and inoculation became the order of the day.

The influence of these examples, and the success attending these few initial cases, was immediately followed by a general inoculation of almost the whole community.

In olden days, as now, America was foremost in medical knowledge in essaying all new discoveries, and we find inoculation introduced into Boston as early as 1721.

In 1798, Jenner, a physician of Berkeley, England, made the discovery that certain persons engaged among cattle were made sick from absorbing in their hands ulcerous matter from the udders of cows, and as a secondary result, that they were exempt from the small-pox. Acting upon this idea, then prevalent among the common people of that part of the country, he made experiments and observations, and announced it to the profession, and, finally, growing stronger in his faith, in 1800 he claimed that the cow-pox was capable of exterminating small-pox from the earth.

The first vaccination in America was in 1800, when Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, vaccinated his own four children.

In 1840, inoculation was made illegal in England, and any attempt, even to produce small-pox, was punished as an offence *a-law*.

For many years, Jenner's belief that, by the vaccination of the whole world, small-pox would be entirely eradicated, was the general opinion held by the profession and the world. Gradually, however, there crept into the minds of many a kind of scepticism, and even with some, an opposition to its general practice. It became apparent that there were some drawbacks and objections to it; it was observed that matter taken fresh from the cow was sometimes very virulent, and made the person very sick, although rarely, if ever, producing death—although there were occasional deaths from attendant accidents—such as taking cold coincident with the vaccination, and erysipelas attacking the inflamed portion. Sometimes, too, careless or ignorant individuals, taking the vaccine lymph from unhealthy persons, propagated other eruptive diseases, and seriously vitiated the systems of those formerly in good health. Sometimes, indeed, the system has been affected by foul diseases of a type that has been supposed almost impossible to entirely eradicate, and that, too, when the attending physician has been an expert in skin diseases. These instances, however, have been so rare as really to very slightly affect the general argument in favor of universal vaccination.

Latterly, however, the idea has arisen that the benefits arising from vaccination are but temporary, and, therefore, that Jenner's faith that small-pox will be entirely eradicated will not be realized.

At the present time we are prepared to admit that the preventive effects of vaccine-pox are temporary; that its benefits are, however, certain to this extent, namely, that in the majority of persons there results from vaccination an absolute protection against the disease for an uncertain period, say according to the individual constitution, and somewhat according to the saturation of the person with the cow-pox, and that there is an absolute immunity from the small-pox from seven to fourteen years; that, therefore, in every epidemic, it is the part of wisdom for every one to be revaccinated, in order to see if they are still protected by the vaccine in their systems; if so, the vaccination will not take again; if not, it will produce a vesicle, and this will resemble the original cow-pox sore, the more accurately, as the system is more or less recovered from the effects of the first vaccination.

In these instances, too, where the vaccinated individual takes the disease upon marked exposure, it is so moderated that it has little danger, the pustules not being very deep, and thus leaving but few, if any, pits, showing that the ulceration has gone through the true skin.

And here it is well to say, that all that is said about pricking each pustule at a certain period in its development, painting with iodine, iron, colloidion, and glycerine, with the view of preventing marking, is all useless, and utterly fall in the result claimed. Charlatans out of the regular profession, and humbugs in it, make claims to do this, and without any authority.

If the ulcerations are deep, there will be marking; if, however, they are superficial, there may be little or no deformity. As the person has been more or less recently vaccinated, the pits will be more or less deep, and the permanent marks more or less apparent. Some quacks have received many hundreds of dollars for promising not only life, but no injury to the looks, in cases of chicken-pox—a very superficial and comparatively trivial disease, resembling variola in its general characteristics.

In a very small proportion of cases vaccination will not "take," and a certain proportion of this class seem to have a natural immunity against the small-pox itself; others, however, on exposure to the real disease, are affected by it as is ordinary.

There is a prevalent idea that there is great danger from a "bad matter," and that the evils resulting from vaccination are vastly greater than the benefits. No view could possibly be more erroneous. In fact, there is no data to sustain such an opinion, and I do not know one really scientific medical man who entertains such views. Some charlatan men may endeavor to propagate such an opinion, to draw attention to themselves, but they are very careful not to expose themselves to taking small-pox, and to see that they themselves are fully protected by vaccination.

The truth is, that vaccination should be made compulsory, no one being permitted to endanger the public weal by running the risk of propagating so fearful a disease. Then we should not have any such panic as we have seen several times during the last few years, got up by artful men for political ends or personal emolument—a panic which entails a great loss to the city by preventing merchants from abroad coming hither, by fear of catching a disease of such a formidable character.

It should be a national affair, and pure vac-

cine should be gratuitously furnished to every person competent to use it within its limits. It is a disgrace that we send to charitable societies in Europe for vaccine lymph, and that no institution in the United States furnishes it gratuitously, except in very limited quantities to their own personal friends.

Vaccination has its limitations unquestionably. It may not be all that has been claimed for it, but certain it is, that by it human life is lengthened, the general suffering is diminished; and, if last, not entirely unworthy of notice, the beauty of the human race is visibly increased, for a person marked by small-pox is rarely to be seen.

LIONS' WHELPS, ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, CENTRAL PARK.

THE cages containing the young lions and lionesses, in the Zoological Department of Natural History, Arsenal building, Central Park, have been, for many months, objects of more than ordinary attraction to visitors. It is seldom, in collections of animals of the less domesticated classes do we find, particularly of the *genus felle*, their young so vigorous and so "natural,"—that is, while born and reared in strict confinement, presenting such well developing limbs and rounded bodies, all indicative of perfect growth. Indeed, the whelps at Central Park may be said to have affirmatively decided a question long mooted among naturalists, namely, the possibility of domesticating the wild animals of the jungles. These whelps are certainly tame and playful as kittens, and there is no reason for supposing that their savage instincts will ever, so long as they are properly cared for, just as we care for other valuable quadrupeds, become awakened; and that, if they can never be as familiar to man as are the horse and the dog, they may, at least, be made to subserve an important purpose—that of adding, by giving us a familiar insight into their instincts, to the sum of our knowledge of the animal economy.

THE ELEVENTH WARD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES FOR NEWS-BOYS AND BOOTBLACKS.

AMONG the many noble charities of New York, it would be difficult to single out an individual one, and give it prominence over others. The city, no less than the State, may well be proud of its efforts to clothe, protect, and educate the unfortunate ones whose lot has been cast within her boundaries. Of the associations working for the moral and spiritual elevation of the poor, the Children's Aid Society has always had our warmest sympathy. Plucking, with benevolent hand, from the gutters and precincts of infancy, those waifs of humanity whose usual notice by passers-by consists of kicks and buffets, the Society offers shelter to thousands whose particular circumstances place them beyond the assistance of other organizations.

To those little Arabs of the streets, the news-boys and bootblacks—creatures who, to ordinary travelers, are never clean nor honest—the Society is a faithful guardian.

We have had several occasions to refer to entertainments given these creatures, and have noted with pleasure their quiet behavior, their tidiness of appearance, their manly, intelligent looks, and their appreciation of the Society's services. Those who would look upon these boys as members of the human family—who would see the bright eyes and rosy cheeks behind the blotches of printer's ink and lampblack—have only to look in upon their gatherings at the various lodges in the city.

Our engraving represents faithfully a scene in their lives, seldom, perhaps, thought of by our citizens or philanthropists. At the Industrial School, No. 709 East Eleventh street, there are over fifty of these children partaking of the Society's bounty. The regular day-schools number many, but our attention rests upon those industrious little bodies, who, by reason of their daily labor, are unable to avail themselves of the regular course of instruction. On Sunday evenings they assemble in the neat chapel for religious exercises, which are conducted by devoted Christian ladies and gentlemen. The services are enlivened by choice and appropriate music, and are rarely interrupted by disorder.

BOOK NOTICES.

ASKAROS KASSIS THE COPT. By EDWIN DE LEON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A republication in book form, of a well written serial that appeared some months since in the columns of this paper. To the interest of fiction is added, in this work, the recommendation that the author's protracted residence in Egypt has enabled him to give faithful pictures of scenes and life in the East, of which it has been said that the realities are stranger than the dreams of the West.

SEARCH FOR WINTER SUNSHINE. By SAMUEL S. COX. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An account of European travel in 1869, principally in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers and Spain. In a lively and entertaining style, that makes one suspect Mr. Cox carried much of his sunshine with him, he describes what he saw, and records his impressions, at Monaco, in Corsica, in Africa among the Arabs and Kabyles, and in revolutionary Spain, to which nearly half of the book is devoted. Numerous illustrations, some of them colored, add to the attractions of the work.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS.: "The Planter's Northern Bride," by Caroline Lee Hentz; and the "Maiden Widow," by Mrs. Southworth.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD: "Ecce Femina," by Carlos White. An attempt to "solve the woman question."

FROM CHARLES SCHUBNER & Co.: "Practical Composition, with Numerous Models and Exercises," by Mrs. Mary J. Harper.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OLD BULL has been giving some farewell concerts at Chicago.

GRAU's German opera troupe has been favorably received at New Orleans.

TAMBERLIK has been made a Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain.

CONSTANTINOPLE, like New York, has lately enjoyed a revival of Auber's "Masaniello."

VICTORIE SARDOU is writing a play, in which Lafayette and Washington will appear on the stage.

VICTOR MASSE, is engaged on an opera, the subject of which is the story of "Paul and Virginia."

SAN FRANCISCO gets excited over Camilla Urso's big concert. The Mayor has bought the grand box for \$3,200.

MRS. GLADSTONE has been playing Queen Elizabeth at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, with great success.

COLONEL FITZGERALD's play of "Bound to the Rack," will be brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre during Easter.

MATILDA PHILLIPS, a younger sister of Adelaide, is studying with Garcia for the stage, and will soon make her debut.

FAUST has made a success at Piacenza, with Boetti, the tenor, who sang here last year in the "Prophete" in the tenor part.

ARDITI has composed a new set of waltzes, dedicated to the Duchess of Manchester, and rather oddly entitled "The Lancashire Witches."

MILE. NILSSON drives the hardest bargains of any of the singers, and declares that if America wants to hear her, she must pay handsomely.

On the occasion of Emmet's farewell benefit at De Bar's Theatre in St. Louis, he was the recipient of a \$500 watch from his admirers in that city.

KONEWKA, who did the beautiful silhouettes illustrative of Midsummer Night's Dream, is working on others of Falstaff and his company.

BELLINI was at last dates (January) at Venice, singing in opera with the usual success that attends this spirited and accomplished lyric artist.

F. C. BURNARD, who wrote "Ixion," has recently produced a play—"Modern Grange"—which was fearfully hissed on its first representation in London.

THE dramatic authors and actors of Paris lately celebrated the 240th anniversary of Moliere's birthday by a banquet at the Trois-Freres, Provencaux.

VERA LORINI, who sang here a few years ago, is now the prima donna at Turin, where, in Vera's new opera, "Valeria," she meets with signal success.

MR. STEPHEN MARSHALL has been highly successful in Michigan with his "Japan and China" experiences. At Lansing he drew the largest house of the season.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES M. WALCOT will shortly appear in an original comedietta, entitled "April Showers," at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MR. J. K. EMMETT appears to have been successful in an unusual and remarkable degree in the character of Fritz, in Mr. Charles Gayler's play of "Fritz; or, Our Cousin German."

BENEVENTANO, whose career in New York dates back to the days of the Astor Place Opera House, has lately been singing the part of Camoens in Donizetti's "Don Sebastian," at Palermo, Sicily.

The greatest Italian tragic actor of the times, Ernesto Rossi, after having aroused, by his Shakespearean personations, the most unbounded enthusiasm at Milan, has commenced a brilliant season at Palermo.

T. C. DE LEON, Esq., of Mobile, the author of the clever burlesque on "Hamlet," now running in New York, has written a sensation play, entitled "Fluck," founded on the Avondale disaster, which is shortly to be brought out.

On the occasion of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's farewell benefit at the Varieties, in New Orleans, a few days since, his son Charles appeared as Digory, in the "Spectre Bridegroom," and on the following evening Mr. John E. Owens and Mr. Jefferson appeared together.

THE drama has done better this season in New York than the opera and musical entertainments generally. Concerts have not been numerous, or, with one or two exceptions, on a very grand scale. At the same time, theatres like Booth's, Wallack's, and Niblo's, have been crowded to excess.

A MUSICIAN at a Monaco casino lately bought a bottle of champagne, and sitting down to the piano, he played the gayest music and drank his wine until but a single glass remained; into this he poured a vial of prussic acid, drank it off, and began a solemn funeral march, which only ended with his death.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has written a new historical drama in blank-verse, founded on an episode in the early life of Queen Elizabeth, entitled "Twixt Ax and Crown." The piece, which is not remarkable for its adherence to history, portrays the sufferings of the Princess Elizabeth, and hinges particularly on the love which both Elizabeth and Mary bear for Edward Courtenay.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL announce to give six evening representations of their celebrated entertainment at the Brooklyn Athenaeum, commencing on Monday, February 28th, and two matinees, on Wednesday and Saturday, March 2d and 5th, at half-past two. As these will be the last appearances of these distinguished artists in Brooklyn, a series of brilliant audiences may safely be anticipated, especially as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul promise to perform in a variety of their newest songs and impersonations, including the gems of the operas of "Gervaise de Brabant" and "La Grand Duchesse," in which Mrs. Paul has lately appeared with such marked ability at the French Theatre. Mr. Howard Paul will also give, for the first time in America, his comic scene, "Faust in Five Minutes."

WHEN Hackett was playing before Queen Victoria, some years ago, Prince Albert having noticed the accidental breaking of a common pin in a piece of tri-colored ribbon which fastened an Order of the Legion of Honor upon his breast, and that when struck by Mr. Hackett's emotional hand, the suspended order fell upon the stage, the prince immediately took from his bosom his own scarf-pin, and sent it to Mr. Hackett, with a message to "use it in future whenever he might play the part of Monsieur Mallet." The prince's pin was gold-headed, enameled and studded with rubies, and it may not be uninteresting now to add that the "Order of the Legion of Honor" worn upon the occasion by Mr. Hackett was that described in the catalogue as one of the objects of curiosity exhibited in the Napoleon Museum, London—"A gold order of the largest size, which had been presented by the Emperor Napoleon to Marshal Murat, King of Naples"—Mr. Hackett having purchased the decoration from Souleuvre, the proprietor of the museum.

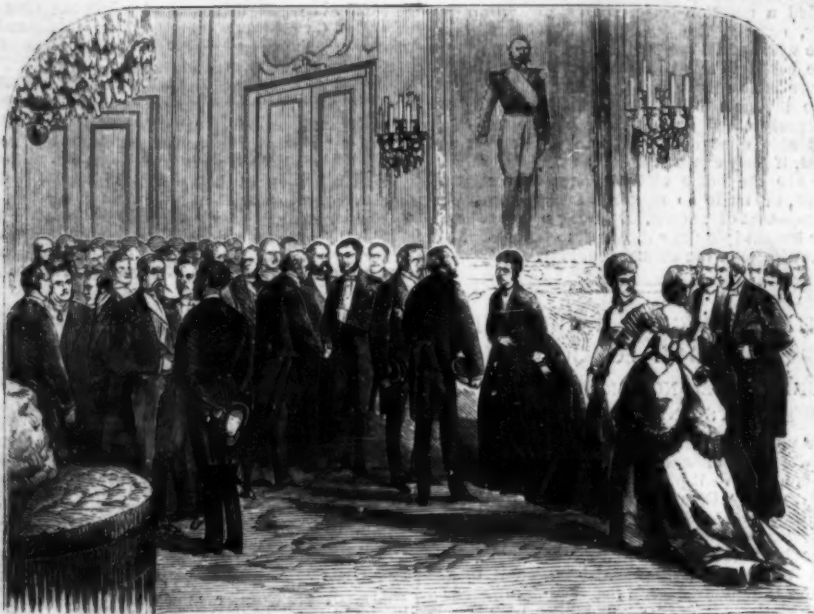
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 419.



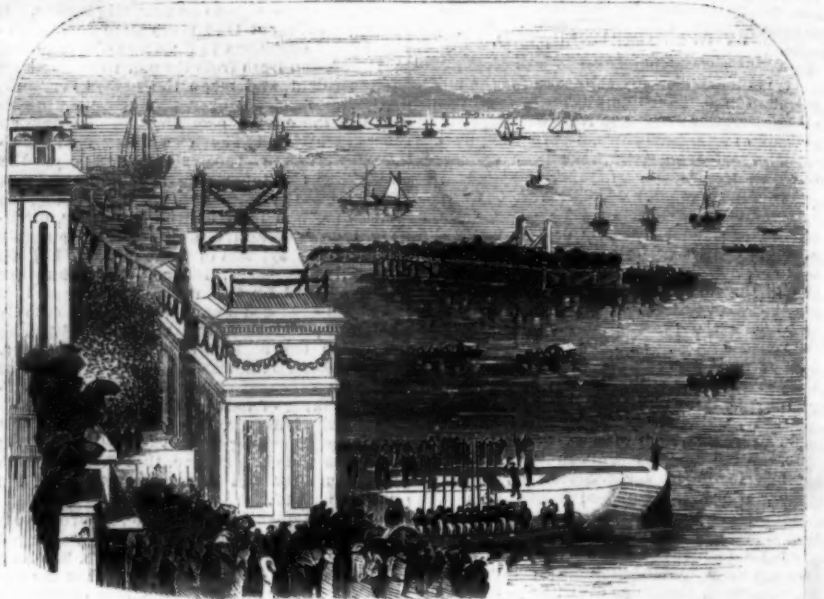
FRANCE.—THE GREAT SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.



FRANCE.—THE GREAT SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.



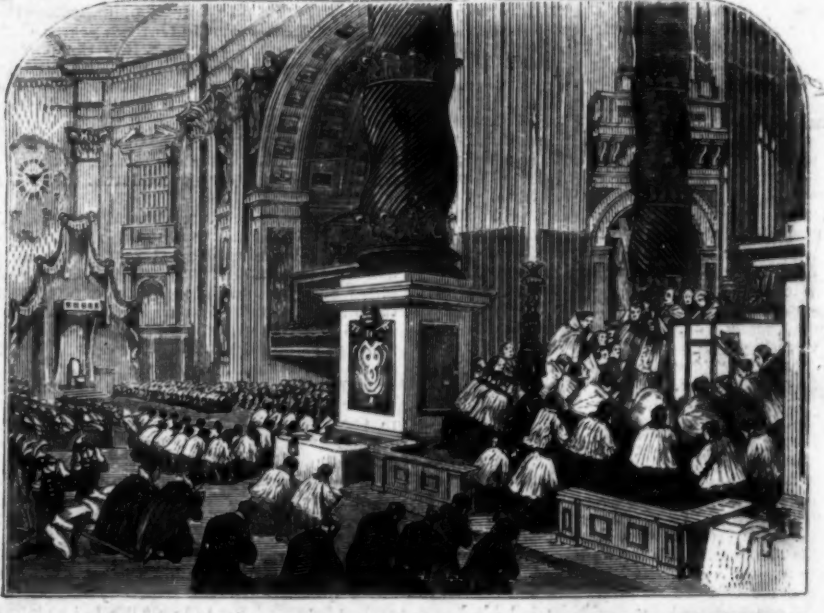
FRANCE.—THE RECEPTION OF M. EMILE OLIVIER, OF THE IMPERIAL MINISTRY.



CHINA.—THE LANDING AND RECEPTION OF PRINCE ALFRED AT HONG KONG.



EGYPT.—THE NIGHT-PATROL OF THE CITY GUARD OF CAIRO.



ROME.—PONTIFICAL MASS ON CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S—THE SERVICE OF THE COMMUNION.



ENGLAND.—THE RIOTS NEAR SHEFFIELD—THE ATTACK ON THE POLICE.



FRANCE.—THE WRECKERS OF BONQUET COLLECTING THE BODIES OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE GORROU.

J. WESLEY HARPER.

WESLEY HARPER, as he was usually called, died in Brooklyn on the 11th of February, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was the son of a farmer of Newton, Long Island, and was the third of the four (James, born 1795, John, 1797, Wesley, 1801, and Fletcher, 1806), who, for so many years constituted the firm of Harper & Brothers. While quite young, he entered the employment of his elder brothers, who had established themselves as printers. Coming of age, he entered into mercantile business; but he had formed a strong attachment for the printing profession, and soon rejoined his brothers as a partner, taking the special department of proof-reader and foreman of the composing-room. The growth of business soon required that he should take the place of correspondent and general literary manager. This position he filled for more than forty years, assisted for many years by his eldest son and namesake. He retained, to the last, his fondness for the profession, and was never better pleased than when he could steal up into the composing-room and look over proofs.

He was particularly fitted for his duties in the firm, by his soundness of judgment, gentleness and yet firmness of disposition, and unvarying courtesy of manner. Brought into constant intercourse with authors—men, usually by nature, peculiarly sensitive—and often obliged to decline propositions in which they were deeply interested, it is not known that he ever gave personal offense to any one. He could say "No," promptly and decisively, yet gently.

Wesley Harper was of a delicate constitution, and several times visited Europe and the South for the benefit of his health. Yet such was the regularity of his life, and the simplicity of his habits, that until the last few months of his life, he could never be considered as an invalid. Something more than a year ago his health first seriously gave way. Late in March, of last year, he was thought to be near his end. One day his three brothers went together to his house. This was the last meeting of the four upon earth.



THE LATE JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

James, the eldest, rode out toward Central Park; on the way the accident occurred by which he lost his life. It was feared that the blow would prove fatal to Wesley; but, for a time, he seemed to rally. He appeared, at intervals, at the place of business, and enjoyed conversation with old friends, and especially with those who had for a long time been in his employment.

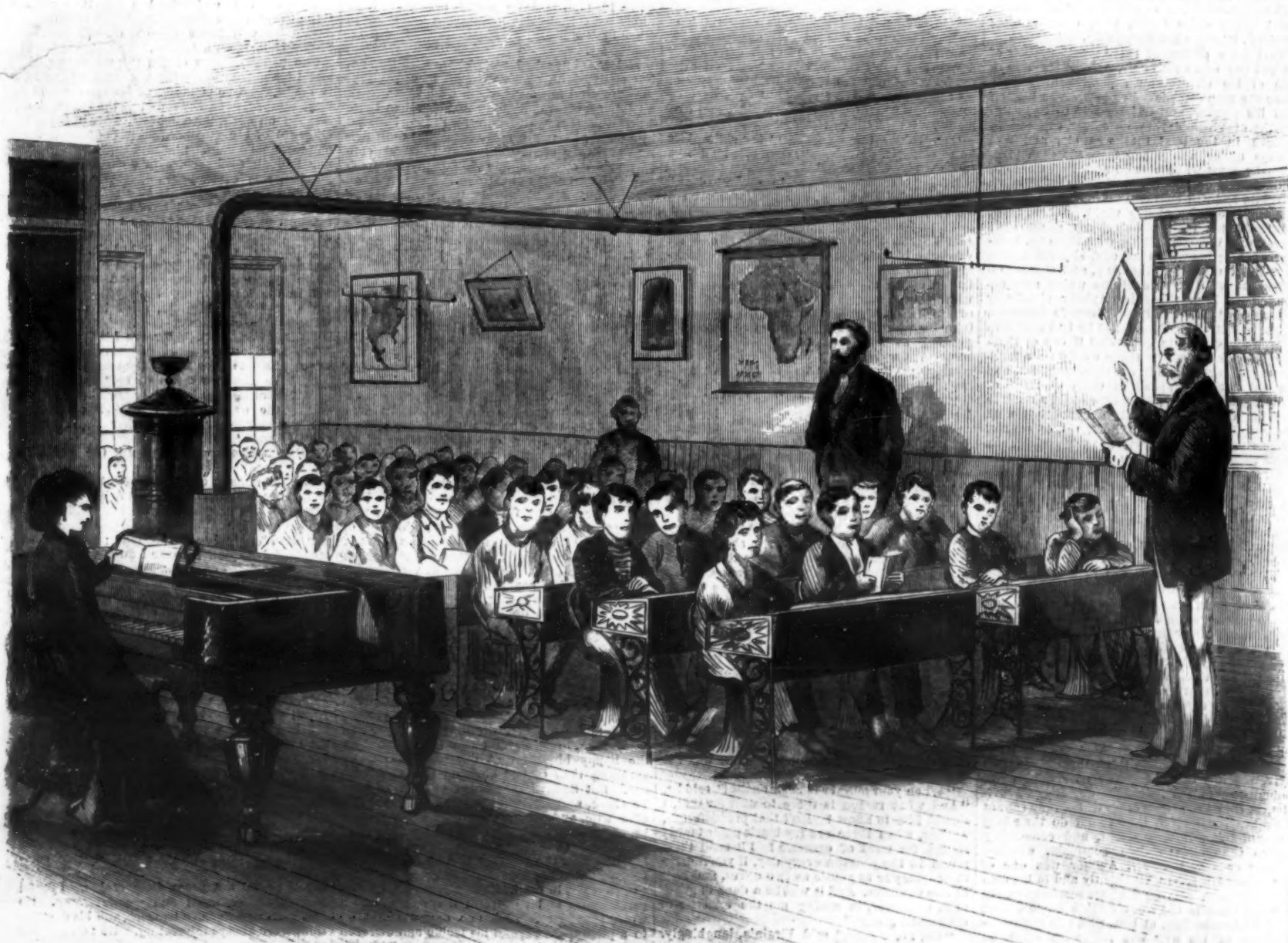
These visits grew less and less frequent, and it was known that he lay on his death-bed, with the certainty that only a few weeks, and probably but a few days, intervened between him and the close. He lingered for weeks, after suffering intense pain, and could obtain brief repose only by the means of opiates. Yet, when roused from slumber, his mind was as clear as ever, while his habitual gentleness seemed to be increased. He was especially desirous to see his old employees; and not a few of these will look back with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow upon these meetings.

The night before his death, he had been more than usually free from pain. He awoke at early morn, and asked that the curtain might be raised to admit the light. "Thank you," he said, and turned upon his pillow, as if about to sleep again.

These were his last words. A few minutes after, the watcher by his side laid her ear to his lips; there was no breathing. As quietly as an infant sinks to slumber, he had entered upon the sleep of death.

Wesley Harper, as his father and his father's father before him had been, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At his funeral, the spacious edifice, plain beyond most of those of his denomination, was filled by a throng which evinced how deeply he was respected, and how dearly loved. Among the pallbearers, by his own direction, were four of the men longest employed by the house. The youngest had been with them more than thirty years; the eldest, almost fifty.

The life of Wesley Harper was all of a piece—it was that of an earnest Christian man; and his death was the fitting close of such a life.



NEW YORK CITY.—ELEVENTH WARD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, AT 709 EAST ELEVENTH STREET.—SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES FOR THE NEWS-BOYS AND BOOT-BLACKS—SEE PAGE 411.

EVENING.

The long crow-lines push woodward string
on string,
And whirring to their willow-beds away,
The dusky starlings beat with burnished
wing
The golden air of the declining day.
Low down, the sun sets grandly; and the
fields,
The rocks and trees, and the still pools, are
dashed
With shifting showers of gold. The twilight
steals
Up from the plain anon; anon, abashed,
As fearing to be seen, a star or two
Steal out, faint, timid lights. One dear day
more
The gluttonous Past, that, hungering ages
through,
Is never filled, unto her monstrous store
Hath safely added; and another time
Stern Night fulfils her mystery sublime.

A PHANTOM.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN Mr. Aymer married Virginia Reed, he knew that he was a very fortunate fellow, and the envy of half the young men in town; for, besides being an extremely pretty woman, she had a sprightly charm of manner and wealth of accomplishment that made her society a delight to every one. Beyond those gathered by her own personal attractions, moreover, being the daughter of a millionaire, Virginia had always been surrounded by a bevy of lovers, who admired her expectations as much as herself; and for Aymer—plain, poor, nearly twice her age, with no easy wit or sparkle of conversation, with nothing but a good practice, a vigorous intellect, and an honest heart overflowing with love—to carry her easily away from all these youths, was a sort of victory which surprised himself as much as any one, and which very probably, as Virginia once laughingly told him in her teasing way, turned his head the least trifle in the world, and made him think there really was something in him after all, and that he had a right to such exclusive homage as few wives think it best to accord to their liege lords.

Accordingly, Mr. Aymer was no sooner married, the honeymoon safely over, and he and his wife pleasantly installed in the house with which Virginia's father had presented them, than he took it into his head to be as crazily and persistently jealous as the bluest Bluebeard on record; and to such an extent did he carry this perverse disposition, that Virginia—who had been delighted at first to have her house a pleasant rendezvous of her friends—for her husband's sake, began at last to quake a little at every ring of the door-bell, for almost all of her old lovers presently haunted her new house as they had done her old, reconciled enough to her estate now, and liking the cordial warmth and ease and grace with which their hostess had welcomed them at first, so well, that they must needs come again, and, evening after evening, improve her hospitality.

Perhaps a portion of these manifestations of an entirely new trait in Mr. Aymer was due to one of his virtues—an excessive humility—since the man disbelieved so entirely in himself and his powers, and felt himself to be so unworthy of Virginia, that he never could fairly believe in the bliss that was his, and was always under a dim presentiment that presently he must wake up and find it all a dream, and himself as far off from happiness as when Virginia had first sparkled on him like a star on the wayfarer of a cloudy night. When, then, he found his parlors welcoming guest after guest, and Virginia talking with this one, looking over prints with that one, singing Italian love-songs with the other one, and shining on them all with that sweetness which now belonged to him, then Mr. Aymer absolutely glowered at them as Ulysses himself might have glowered at the suitors. Yet he had sufficient reason always left to know that if one of them suspected his feelings there would be a malicious pleasure taken in aggravating them, and he did not even speak of them to Virginia. Only the quick eyes of her love could not fail to see his unhappiness, and to connect it with these uninvited guests of hers, till, of course, preferring his contentment to their society, she soon became ceremonious to this one and to that, and then distant, then cold and haughty and dull as she knew how to be, and then was at home to no one; and since—reared in the perpetual change and liveliness of society—having no other resource than society, she moped, grew miserable, and presently was ill in bed.

With that, Mr. Aymer was in a state hardly less than frenzy with his self-reproach; and when Virginia came down-stairs again, the parlors were opened anew, by his own invitation, whenever he met them, to the old host of callers, and her husband himself begged her to make the exertion of meeting them, one and all, and was rejoiced to see her bloom brighten again with return of the old ways and the old faces, happy again over the old pleasures, and was wretched, at the same time, to think that she needed any one but himself to brighten her and make her happy.

A great many people think themselves martyrs, and are thought so by others, because, submitting to the inevitable decrees of Providence, they bear some cross which they cannot help bearing—which they would do their best to annihilate, if they might, and concerning which they all the time complain, whether openly or secretly. Mr. Aymer was one of these same martyrs, all silently and in his own belief, though playing his part somewhat more bravely than is the wont of this noble army; and understanding, at last, that this social disposition of his wife was really his cross, he

took it up and bore it manfully, as long as he could; and all day long he staid hived with his books and clients, and going along the treadmill of his profession, and hating it horribly all the time, and aware that, at any and all of his enforced moments of imprisonment, Virginia was surrounded by those whose very existence was to him a blot on the face of nature, since they took off one thought of hers from him. Sometimes, in better moods, he knew that he ought to be grateful to them for relieving the necessary tedium of his wife during his absence in the search for daily bread; he hoped, then, to become unselfish enough, in some millennial future, to enjoy the knowledge of their attendance on his wife, but at present he ground his teeth together, and suffered on, and said nothing.

One of Mr. Aymer's most especial aversions in this throng of admirers was Andrew Sedgwick, certainly one of the most innocent, where all were innocent. But Mr. Aymer's aversion to him was not because Mr. Sedgwick was young, or handsome, or well-educated, or wealthy, or of good connection, but because Virginia liked him, always had liked him from the time when they were children together, and, in all probability, always would like him.

"There is that Sedgwick's ring," said Mr. Aymer once after dinner, as, just comfortably unfolding the latest extra, he was making up his mind to a delightful evening alone with Virginia. "He must be an excessively unpopular fellow to have so few friends."

"So few friends?" inquired Virginia, in surprise—surprise that was a plenty of contradiction in itself.

"Exactly. If he had many other friends besides ourselves"—Mr. Aymer regarded that word "ourselves" as a most magnanimous concession, though in reality he would not have used it if he had not felt obliged to temper his disagreeable remark—"if he had many other friends besides ourselves, this house would not be so much his chief and only resort as it seems to be now—would it?"

"That Sedgwick," said Virginia, then, with a little more asperity than perhaps was wise or necessary, "is my very particular friend, Mr. Aymer, if no other person's friend. I like to have my friends spoken of with respect. So far from being his only friend, I am but one of a legion, and feel myself flattered by his preference. There is not a desirable house in the town, with a single exception—and that for very notable reasons—which is not open to him; and for my part," added Virginia, softening very much, "there is no one out of my family of whom I am so fond. I am so disappointed about Sedgwick, too; I really wanted you to like him as much as I do, Aymer. You must try to do so now, indeed; and if you have a prejudice to conquer, if you only look at it, you will see how unreasonable it is. Why, Laura Arnold thinks—"

"Laura Arnold is an unmarried woman, and is at liberty to think what she pleases about an unmarried man; but my wife is not. And it ought to be enough for me to express my opinion in order to have my wife cease to care for his acquaintance, and close her drawing-rooms to him."

"To Sedgwick! I should as soon think of closing them to Laura, my very dearest friend. How perverse this is of you! How wicked, Aymer. I can't imagine your not seeing the kindness—the mere charitable kindness—of his coming round this stormy night, because he thinks you will be gone to the club, and I be lonely, sitting here by myself."

"He thinks I have gone to the club—does he?" said Mr. Aymer. "Bless him! I'd like to show him what club."

"I can't believe you are in earnest, dear," said Virginia, hurriedly, in expectation of the opening door. "I know you must be learning to like such a thoroughly good-natured person. And I don't believe you mean a word of what you have been saying! And here the conversation was brought to an abrupt end by the entrance of its subject, who had been delayed with his wet wrappings in the hall, and who entered now, with a manner which seemed to take his welcome and popularity as much for granted as his existence, greeting Aymer cheerfully, and holding Virginia's hand a moment, while hoping she was well, and wondering to see her so pale.

"You are shutting yourself up in the house, I see, Vinnie," said he—making her husband start with the use of the pet name familiar on Sedgwick's lips from childhood, but forewarned by Aymer since he first heard the other use it—"making a married nun of yourself—one of the sisterhood you used to say you never would join. And if you go on in this way, when you have always been accustomed to so much outdoor life, there'll soon be nothing left of you!"

"Oh, no," said she; "I'm not shutting myself up, but mamma has gone into the country with the horses; and I never could walk, you know. I shall be all right as soon as she is back again. What's a little bloom? The flower that fades and early dies;" and she began to hum a German air, set to those words which they had been practicing together. "For my part," she exclaimed, suddenly breaking off her song, "I don't care at all for color and complexion—it's the flower that springs in the heart—the flower of happiness, and the blossoms in smiles about the lips—that I like, and that I have—haven't I, Aymer?"

But Aymer was admiring her too much at that moment to reply, and Sedgwick was not to be diverted by any such nonsense.

"When your mother is back again!" said he. "And what reason is there to wait for that, I should like to know? Isn't that preposterous, Aymer, when there are my black ponies fairly stalled for want of exercise? I'll send them round in the phaeton every day, if you'll drive them—they're as gentle as two doves, and fleet as two swallows. And it will be a deed of goodness, moreover, in saving me the expense of my second groom."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Virginia, laughingly.

"I couldn't think of it. It would never do, you know. And then it would be no better than robbing the poor—none of your rich young crowd, you *jeunesse dorée*, keep half grooms enough," said she, with her pardoning smile. "You don't seem to understand that you hold your money in trust to do what you may for those that haven't any."

"But, indeed, the ponies—"

"No, no, the thing is all settled. Mamma will be at home in a week or two, and I shall do very well till then, a thousand thanks"—the rest of her remark, if there were anything more, was lost in the resounding slam of the door behind Mr. Aymer, as he strode from the room, and, snatching his hat and coat as he went, banged the front door also behind him, and was off to the club in reality.

The tears sprang into Virginia's eyes at the sight and sound, but they did not fall, and in a moment her proud little will had driven them away. But not before Sedgwick had caught a glimpse of them.

"Vinnie," said he, "I sometimes think—I know I have no right—but—tell me, my child, are you happy?"

"Happy!" said Virginia, turning toward him, her face rosy with the blush of her reply—a reply that was only a fraction of it, a falsehood, since Aymer's jealousy—which she knew now, by experience, if he did not feel toward one, he would toward another—was the only flaw in her life. "Why, Sedgwick, perfectly happy."

But Sedgwick fancied that he knew better; he had seen the swift-coming, swift-hidden tears, and could think of but one interpretation for them—that the husband of twice her years penned her in the house, and made her miserable with his testy temper. And all the evening, while Aymer was off, moody and disagreeable at the club, and making every one wonder what that charming Virginia Reed ever saw in that man, tormenting himself because he had not a pair of black ponies and a phaeton to give Virginia, Sedgwick staid in her drawing-room, beguiling and amusing her, and tempting her out of herself and her trouble, by a recital of his own trouble, over which her ready sympathy out-poured, while her ingenious mind contrived a thousand schemes to ease it, till Mr. Aymer again appeared in the doorway, when, with a stately good-night, in very different fashion from the greeting given on his entrance early in the evening, and imprudently intended to convey the disapproval which all Virginia's friends must feel of such conduct as Mr. Aymer's, Sedgwick withdrew from the scene, and left, as he supposed, the victim to her persecutor. He would have been no little surprised had he seen the way in which the victim sprang at the persecutor, and, with hands locked about his neck, entreated to know what it was in particular that had so disturbed him, and sent him off in such an angry, mortifying way; and had he seen the persecutor take the victim into his arms, and heard him declare that he was a brute who never should have been trusted with the care of anything so exquisite as a Virginia, he would have been surprised, although he might not have gainsaid him, and he would assuredly have understood that it is generally a safe thing to leave husbands and wives to arrange their own difficulties.

If Mr. Aymer had rested here with that acknowledgement, which Virginia had so vigorously refused to accept, there would have been a much speedier end of her troubles than there was. But this restless phantom that haunted him was not ready for burial yet, and, like many another of us all, having freed his conscience by confession, he was ready for fresh fields and pastures new; and the next time he met Sedgwick in his wife's drawing-room, there was the same scene over again, with just enough variation to keep it from tiring, until Virginia—who, of course, much as she cared for her friends, preferred her husband to all living beings—could almost find it in her heart to wish there was no such person as Sedgwick, or as Laura Arnold, in the world. Unwilling to expose such a weakness on her husband's part as she considered this unfounded jealousy of his to be, even if her own modesty would have allowed her to intimate so much, she could not confide in Sedgwick, however much he might confide in her, and ask him to discontinue his visits at her house, while, at the same time, it was impossible for her to wound him now, in trouble as he was otherwise, by any coldness, or by any refusal of the refuge which he had found in her house; and he, on his part, being determined to render her every service in his power, came oftener rather than seldom—came when she was alone as well as when her dearest friend was with her, and every time was more assiduous with his gifts of flowers and fruits and music, with his offers of horses and opera-boxes, than he had been on the time before. Yet, though Virginia, of course, being his confidant and his adviser, was perfectly well aware that the devotion of Sedgwick's heart and life was given elsewhere—of which circumstance Mr. Aymer was not at all aware—these attentions of his troubled her a little for other reasons than because she knew they troubled Aymer, but because she knew it proceeded from his idea that Aymer was an indifferent husband, and on more than one occasion she extolled Aymer's perfections to her friend, and spoke of his integrity, his love and tenderness, in as warm terms as she could for the happy blushes that hindered her, when speaking thus of her husband to a third person. But Sedgwick believed as much of it as he chose, and ascribed the rest to the devotion of a wife, and was always only a little more pronounced in his kindnesses of the next day; and then, as Aymer chafed less and less quietly under the growing burden of doubt and dislike, Virginia's manner toward the other began to wear, in her husband's presence, an embarrassment and constraint that confirmed his worst suspicions. And, one day, wrought up to a pitch quite beyond his feeble and diseased

endurance, he very curtly and ill-temperedly—he thought it was firmly and unflinchingly—forbade Mr. Sedgwick the house, in words that struck Virginia like so many blows.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MY FELLOW-VOYAGER.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LINGER," "TO-DAY, A ROMANCE," ETC., ETC.

BEFORE the introduction of steamers for transatlantic service, the United States completely monopolized the passenger-traffic with Europe. Our "liners" were not only the pride of Americans, but they were regarded with admiration and curiosity, even by our great maritime rivals, the English.

As an illustration, I will only mention that at the famous Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool—then one of the best in all England—it was the habit to hand a card to the traveler on arriving, on one side of which was a neat plan of the main streets of the town, and on the other a list, headed, "Principal Objects of Interest for the Stranger to Visit." This list comprised "The Town Hall," "St. John's Market," "The Cemetery," "The Royal Exchange," etc., etc., and "The American Packet Ships."

In those days I never took up one of these cards without a glow of pride, heightened, when I happened to step on board, by seeing the large numbers from all parts of the country who congregated to witness our "perfection of ship-building."

I do not propose now to inquire why, by the advent of ocean-steamers, we lost the prestige so nobly earned under canvas. The subject belongs to another department of this paper, and should certainly not be lost sight of.

It was about the middle of June—our splendid "merchant marine" was still in the ascendant, comparatively few caring to venture in the Sirius or Great Western, then the advance-guard of proposed lines of steamers—when, punctually at twelve o'clock, the little steaming Ajax commenced slowly to pull the packet-ship Cambridge from her moorings alongside the dock, and tow her lazily to the mouth of the Mersey, where, once "round the rock," she would be left to take care of herself in charge of a Holyhead pilot.

I was a passenger, in a company of twenty-five or thirty, and at this particular moment leaned dreamily over the taffrail, indulging in that delicious sense of repose which overtakes the returning traveler as he finds himself safe on shipboard—the last stage of his journey homeward.

We struck first for the middle of the river, so as to afford a clearer course down stream. I looked incuriously toward the receding shore, ready not only to bid good-by to it, but to European soil, when my attention was engaged by a boat, which had put out from the landing we had just left, and was making signs to attract our notice.

The captain understood what it meant. "English," he exclaimed. "One of these days they will learn twelve o'clock means twelve o'clock, on a 'liner'."

The paddle-wheels of the tug were stopped, and in a few minutes the boat was alongside. It contained two persons besides the oarsmen. First climbed, not awkwardly, up the ladder and stepped on deck, a young girl, who, in the excitement of the moment, did not appear to me older than sixteen. She was slight of figure. She had an oval face, with a clear olive complexion, rich color, large, expressive, almond-shaped eyes, and luxuriant black hair. Indeed, I do not know when I have been so much interested at first sight as when I looked at her, as she reached the deck.

A handsome man, with light hair, blue eyes and English features, followed. He appeared to be thirty, possibly thirty-five, and certainly did not in the least resemble the young lady. A large quantity of luggage, piled in the stern, was soon put on board.

"Close work, captain," were his first words. "The London train several minutes late. You are as prompt as the Birkenhead ferry."

"That's what we mean to be," replied the captain, not insensible to the compliment.

"By the way, any room for us?" continued the stranger, sharply. "Rather important I should know."

"One stateroom?" inquired the captain, glancing at the young lady.

For an instant the new-comer hesitated. I looked unconsciously toward the girl, and saw her face was crimson, while her black eyes flashed angrily.

"Two," jerked out the man; "that is—I mean—I hesitated because I do not wish to incur the expense of a whole room for either my sister or myself. Locate us, captain, as is most convenient. Last come must be last served."

The matter was soon settled. It was arranged that Miss T***e should occupy a stateroom with one of the ladies, and as I happened to have the only remaining room with a spare berth, Mr. T***e was, much to my chagrin, quartered with me. There was no help for it, unless I chose to pay for a whole room, and I did not choose.

I had taken a prejudice against this person for two reasons. First, he had declared the London express was late. Now, I had come in that very train, and it was sharp on time, giving me a good half hour to get on board. Again, I was not pleased with the glance he gave his companion when asked about state-rooms. I said nothing, however, but made up my mind to make the most out of one I was sure would prove to be a disagreeable companion.

But he did not prove disagreeable. I found him highly educated and well-informed. He had been an extensive traveler, and his descriptions were always interesting. He had none of

the usual English assumption. It was evident much intercourse with the world had given him easy, conventional manners. Notwithstanding his freedom in conversation, I noticed one thing specially. He never spoke of his personal affairs. He never uttered a word by which a listener could divine anything about him, or get a clue to what he was, or what were his plans. The young girl was equally reticent, or rather tried to be. As I had guessed, she was only sixteen. She did not have an English face. Indeed, no one would have called her English, except when hearing her speak. I said she tried to be reticent; still, in conversation with our lady passengers, who would ask questions, the information was communicated that she was just from school—there was none of her family left except her brother and herself. He had lived of late years very little in England—where he had lived was not stated. He was going to Mexico on important business. That was all. But with regard to her school-life she would talk without restraint.

She spoke, on one occasion, of "going home for the holidays."

"I thought you had no home?" exclaimed a sour, sharp-faced lady, who had been listening in the hope of gleanings something new. She was altogether too quick, and gave Miss T***e opportunity to recover, else something might have been dropped to elucidate the mystery—for every one on board believed there was a mystery.

"I call my guardian's house, home," was her reply, and her lips were closed for the remainder of the day.

Mr. T***e was in the habit of asking me a great many questions about America, especially of the West, which was not then opened up beyond the lakes. It seemed to me, notwithstanding his sister's talk of Mexico, he really intended to penetrate to our Western forests. His general remarks were those of a man *blasé* of life and human emotions.

Once, on mentioning his sister, I asked him if she was content to take such a long voyage.

"Gertrude is happy wherever I am," he remarked, dryly; and he changed the subject.

Our voyage was half concluded, at least so far as distance was concerned; we were on deck one pleasant afternoon, discussing various matters. The question of navigating the ocean by steam came up. The captain took ground against its practicability, and proved, as many of us thought, conclusively, that it was quite impossible. An enthusiastic young Scotchman took the other side. He spoke of the success of the Great Western, and of the regularity of her trips.

"By the way, captain," he said, "the steamer leaves Bristol to-day. I will lay you a basket of champagne she gets into New York before us."

"Done!" echoed the captain.

"What's that about the steamer?" said T***e, as if seized with a spasm.

"I say the Great Western will beat us into New York."

"Good God! you don't believe it?"

His sister was standing beside him, and looked up as if surprised at his manner.

"Just to think of it," he muttered, partly to himself.

"Think of what?" asked the sour, sharp-faced lady.

"Why, that Gertrude might have finished her little visit, and run over with me to Paris for a week, as I wanted to do, only I was afraid of being behind time in New York."

This was thrown off in a tone quite calculated to put all suspicion at rest.

T***e paid the captain some compliments about his ship, and went below. Soon after, I went down myself to get a book I was reading. T***e was engaged with a quantity of papers.

"You are a lawyer, I think you said?"

This was his exclamation, addressed to me abruptly.

"I expect to be one—in fact, I have finished my legal studies."

"In practice?"

"Just commencing."

"Familiar with criminal law?"

"No."

"A great mistake. Every young lawyer should pay attention to it. You have made a mistake," he repeated, in an absent tone.

"What is your notion about that steamer?" he asked, after a pause. "What is her usual time?"

"In fine weather like this she will make the western passage inside of fourteen days."

"I will go you five to one we beat her."

"Don't care to take it."

By this time T***e had put up his papers, and we went on deck together. His sister was standing near the companion-way. She looked worried.

"I have been waiting for you to come up," she cried. "I want to take our usual walk."

"I do not feel like it, Gertrude; perhaps Mr. K. will walk with you a few minutes. I will relieve him soon."

"Now, as a fine ship, on a pretty long voyage, with pleasant society, is a capital place for harmless flirtations, I had more than once endeavored to draw this very attractive girl into some sentimental conversation. It was always in vain. I once, in her presence, laughingly complained of her to her brother."

"She is a mere child," he replied, seriously; "in school all her life; nothing but a grown-up baby. What can you expect of her?"

I looked at the young girl, and saw her lustrous eyes fixed on her brother with an expression of mature feeling (not easily understood), which certainly contradicted what he was saying.

Well, Miss T***e, on this occasion, took my arm, and we commenced to pace the deck. I spoke of the ship, the voyage, the passengers, and what else I could think of. My companion was almost silent.

At length, seeing I was really trying to entertain her, she observed:

"I do not know why it is, but I feel very sad at the idea of reaching New York. I wanted to quit England, but what should make me so melancholy at the thought of landing?"

She looked up at me as she spoke, inquiringly, and yet in a sense, unconsciously.

"Don't you really know of any reason?" I could not help asking.

"I! how should I?" she retorted, quickly, and in quite another tone.

"God knows!" was my abrupt response.

At that moment her brother came up and relieved me—for relief it was. I was tired of the subject—of T***e and his perpetual flow of conversation—the beautiful girl who exhibited neither romance, nor sentiment, nor anything else—and of the curiosity of the ship's company.

We were becalmed three days on the banks; then came a head wind, after that another calm, so that we did not make the Long Island coast till our twenty-eighth day out. Here a pilot boarded us.

"Is the Great Western in?" asked a dozen at once.

"She passed up yesterday," was the response.

"What's that?" exclaimed T***e, coming up. "The Great Western in?"

"She is."

"When shall we be in, pilot?" asked T***e.

"If this breeze holds, we ought to be up by sunset."

The breeze did hold, and we anchored at the Quarantine while it was still daylight. Many of the passengers took a tug to the city, while others found it more convenient to remain on shipboard till morning. Among those who proposed to stay on board was T***e. He should take things quietly, he said, and not scramble off the ship for the sake of landing in New York in the night and going to a strange hotel. He asked for my address, adding, "I may wish to consult you on some business matters."

I gave it to him. He remarked, "We shall be at the Astor House." We shook hands, and and I left him.

As I came up from the cabin, I saw Miss T***e. She was leaning over the ship's side, looking, as it appeared, intently toward the city. It was not till I had spoken twice to her, that I attracted her notice. She hesitated to look up, and I fancied—was it fancy?—that she had been crying.

"Good-by," I said; "I hope you will not be disappointed in America."

She gave me her hand, without saying a word, and in another minute I was over the ship's side.

As the tug paddled off from the vessel, I looked in the direction where I last saw Miss T***e. She was still on the same spot, nor did she leave it so long as I could distinguish her. She was at length lost sight of in the twilight, which began to fall, and I turned, in spite of myself, with a sad impression toward the shore, where friends were ready to welcome me.

The next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a note was put in my hands by one of those peculiar-looking messengers, whom once seen, you rarely forget, but whose appearance is quite familiar to legal gentlemen.

I opened the missive. It was written from the Eldridge street jail. Here it is:

"Sir—The time for consulting you has arrived sooner than I counted on. I entreat you to come to me at once. I am suffering the torments of hell. Make haste, before I put an end to my miserable existence. H. T***e."

The messenger stood waiting. I nodded to him, "all right."

"I was to bring an answer," he said.

"No answer necessary."

I had determined to proceed directly to Eldridge street, and knew I should get there in advance of the vagabond.

"I have got to take back an answer," he maintained, doggedly.

"No answer," I repeated, rising, as I spoke.

"Look here, boss," said the man, "let a poor fellow earn a living. If I fetch an answer I am to get a 'extra.'"

"You shall not lose it"—and with that assurance, he decamped.

I found T***e in the main room. I do not intend to describe it. He greeted me as if we had been friends for life. But he was sadly taken down. His confident air had vanished, and in its place he had a look of extreme dejection. Indeed, his aspect was one of absolute pusillanimity. He had been arrested on shipboard the evening before, about one hour after I left.

But for what? T***e evidently did not wish to disclose. Yet he must do it if he wished the advice of counsel.

"I have been a sad dog," he commenced, partly averting his face, and talking rapidly, as if dreading the effect of his revelations on me—"a sad dog, and you must prepare yourself to hear some savage stories about me."

Here he paused.

"Well," I said, endeavoring to assume the imperturbability of an old counselor.

"Well," he echoed, nervously, taking up my word, "the young lady you saw on board is not my sister."

"No?"

"No."

"She—she—I—I ran away with her from school—but with her consent, understand—the morning we came on board ship."

"Are you married?"

My question referred to his relations with the young lady, but he did not so understand it. After hesitating a moment, he said:

"I shall make a clean breast of it. I have a wife in England, with whom I have not lived for five years."

"Does the young lady know it?"

"Good God, no!" he exclaimed. "She must not find that out."

"Anything else?" I asked dryly, for I was so much disgusted with the fellow, that I no longer had to assume to be cool.

"A great deal," was his reply. "But, in the first place, will you undertake my case?"

"Certainly."

"You will find I am pretty well known on the other side" (the scoundrel said this with a gleam of pride); "as you will probably get the whole story, I may as well give it to you myself. I am a FORGER!"

"Professional forger?"

"Not that, precisely. But at times, when I have run short of funds, I have used my friends' names a little too freely. The last affair is not so very bad—on an old uncle who should have come down handsomely long ago. I wanted enough to set me up in America. I have it snug under hatches. Get me out of this scrape, and you shall name your fee."

I took no notice of the last remark, but proceeded with my questions.

"Do you know on what process you are arrested?"

"Here is the copy."

He pulled a paper from his pocket and handed it to me. I saw at a glance that it was a civil suit by the father of the young lady for abducting his child. It was brought by a well-known attorney, and the ball had been fixed by the judge, who granted the order of arrest, in a very large amount. Evidently the sympathy of the court had been excited by the affidavits produced before him.

"Are you prepared to give bail?"

"Not in such an amount; but I presume you can have it reduced, and I will deposit the money if it is reasonable."

"Very well, I will see the attorney on the other side, and look at the papers, and then confer with you."

"Won't you call on Gertrude?"

"For what?"

"I want you to advise her to stand firm. Tell her I shall be out in a few days, and all that sort of thing; in fact, keep up her spirits."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?" asked T***e, nervously.

"I told you I would undertake your case, and so I will. So far, however, from advising the young lady as you desire, if I advise her at all, it will be to return home at once."

"So you have got my whole story just to betray me. I thought so."

"You are simply mistaken. If you do not wish me to act for you, what you have said is as safe as under the seal of the confessional. As to the young lady, she must be returned to her friends. That agreed to—and you never need think of getting control of her again—I will make the best terms for you in my power."

The wretch twisted and turned and talked cant, and maudlin sentiment about the undying affection which existed between the two; that whatever the result was, oceans could not separate them. Neither space, time nor eternity could lessen the love they bore each other.

"That may be," I replied, "and if the young lady is of the same opinion when she is one-and-twenty, it will be her affair, not her parents'. At present, she belongs to them."

The rascal settled into a quiet acquiescence with my views in a marvelously short time, gave me a *carte blanche* to act, and I left him.

My first call was on Mr. S., the attorney of the other side. I explained my position, and in return, obtained from him the whole story, which the affidavits he produced fully confirmed.

T***e was an Englishman of good family, but from his youth had been a knave and a scoundrel. He was uncontrollable and dissolute, without giving evidence of any redeeming qualities. He had married, at twenty-five, a fine girl, whose fortune he squandered, and then abandoned. His career afterward was marked by every disgraceful practice. His easy and pleasing address enabled him to constantly deceive, and his last exploit was the making the acquaintance of this young girl, whose parents were very rich. And after hovering for months in the neighborhood he persuaded her to elope with him to America. The sailing of the Great Western enabled the distracted father to take measures to secure the fugitive. An efficient legal gentleman came out to represent him. His wife was too ill for him to leave, himself. Papers relating to some forgeries would come by the next packet. Meantime, the London solicitor had caused these proceedings to be instituted.

I saw at a glance the only real point was to get the poor girl out of the villain's clutches. The extradition treaty was then not in existence, and it was doubtful if the forgeries could trouble him here.

"Where is the young lady?" I asked.

"At the Astor House. We have contented ourselves by a careful surveillance on her. We wish to avoid, for her sake, all publicity, if possible."

It was at length arranged between us that Miss — should take the packet ship which was to sail on Thursday (this was Tuesday), and on the departure of the vessel, the suit against T***e would be withdrawn. As to the forgeries, the attorney did not claim to represent the prosecutors, and as no papers were yet at hand on which to attempt proceedings, it need not enter into our consideration.

But would Miss — return willingly? It was desirable that she should do so.

It was thought best for me to call on her. I did call.

To my surprise, the disclosures I had to make did not seem much to affect her. Certainly they did not shock her, as I expected, or make her turn against the man who was attempting to do her so great a wrong.

I explained to her that she could be forced to return home if necessary.

She did not care for that. She would never move till she had heard the story from T***e's lips.

Whether it was a proper proceeding or not, I cannot say, but T***e was permitted to come to the hotel and see Miss —, in my presence and in that of the estimable lady who was her room-mate on board.

T***e assumed a careless, nonchalant air.

"It's all up with us, Getty," he said. "The cursed steamer was too fast for us—you must go back to school. Better luck next time."

The girl looked at him, first with blank dismay and wonder, then with a scorn I have never seen equaled.

T***e laughed, turned on his heel, and saying, "Mr. K—, I suppose we will get through by to-morrow," left the room.

The next day the young lady sailed for Liverpool, and T***e quitted Eldridge street. He left the same night for the far West. I never saw him again.

Seven years later I received, by the foreign mail, a letter with a very neat superscription. It was a note from the mother of Miss —, enclosing an invitation to the young lady's wedding, thanking me for the part I had taken in New York, and inviting me, if I should ever come to —shire, to visit the family.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

VICTORIA has £2,000,000 laid up.

AGASSIZ goes to Florida to obtain specimens.

THE Swiss President gets a salary of \$2,000 a year.

HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS is in Paris, ill and in want.

A STATUE of the late Dr. Chalmers is proposed in Edinburgh.

RAPHAEL SEMMES retires from the lecturing field, a confessed failure.

REV. S. S. SALEM, a converted Jew, is preaching in Lexington, Ky.

THE Missouri Legislature is about to erect a monument to General Lyon.

EX-SPEAKER JAMES L. ORT has been re-elected a judge, in South Carolina.

It is said that Rochefort's place in the Chambers will be filled by Ledru Rollin.

THIERS, though over seventy years of age, still ranks as the first orator of France.

TITIENS was escorted home from the opera in Hamburg by a torchlight procession.

LETTERS from Europe say that the health of Senator Grimes is falling very rapidly.

THE Prince Imperial is to make a long trip through Germany and Prussia early this year.

CARTANON, the Cuban editor killed at Key West, had the largest funeral ever seen in Havana.

GOUNOD is again said to be subject to frequent and very distressing attacks of hypochondria.

It is rumored that Boston is to have a special visit from Prince Arthur next May, all by itself.

M. OLLIVIER proposes to charge one hundred thousand francs for the privilege of fighting a duel in France.

A FUND is to be raised in New London, Conn., to erect a monument to the late General Mower.

BERLIOZ, Grisi, Molique and Gottschalk are the most noted musical people who have died during the past year.

OVER one hundred Americans asked Minister Washburne to present them at the court of Napoleon, this winter.

THE student, Ivanhoff, who recently betrayed the great political conspiracy in Moscow, has been assassinated.

MRS. M. A. P. DARWIN has been elected to the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature in Burlington University.

MARFOT, whose position in the household of Isabella II. occasioned much scandal, has been banished from Spain.

PROFESSOR EPHRAIM W. GURNEY has been elected by the Board of overseers of Harvard College, Dean of the Faculty.

NESAGE SAGET, President of the Republic of Hayti, is a genuine Haytien, and was kept in a dungeon for over ten years.

ALFRED WADDINGTON, an English projector of an overland railroad through British North America, has arrived in Boston.

MR. SEWARD's Washington friends are preparing for a series of public dinners, to be given in honor of his return home.

THE Romans criticise the Archbishop of San Francisco, because he comes from a land of gold, and yet wears a silver cross.

THE father and brother of Victor Noir have sued Pierre Bonaparte for civil damages, by his murder, fixing the amount at one franc.

THE elegant Duke de Chartres, known in this country as aid-de-camp to General McClellan, is now the master of the Surrey (England) stag-hounds.

MISS ROMERO, sister of the former Minister from Mexico, is expected from Mexico, for the purpose of entering the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Washington.

THERE is a story in Paris that the Viceroy in Egypt has written to Prince Pierre Bonaparte, offering him the command of a foreign legion to fight the Sultan.

GENERALS SIBLEY, Loring, and Beauregard, are reported as about to become generals in the army of the Viceroy of Egypt, having been tempted with salaries of \$6,000 a year apiece.

THE Russian Government has secured the services of the most experienced inventor of ammunition in the world—Colonel Boxer, of the English arsenal—by a salary of \$25,000 a year.

It is reported that after the acquittal of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, which every one takes for granted, he is to have his pension doubled, upon the condition that he returns to America and makes it his permanent residence.

REPUBLICANS in Portland, Me., are talking of running General Francis Fessenden for Mayor. He is son of the late Senator Fessenden, was a valiant soldier in the war, and is now a practicing lawyer in the Forest City.

PIERRE BONAPARTE has been placed in a chamber in the Montgomery Tower, so called from the name of the most illustrious prisoner of all—the duke who was the involuntary cause of the death of Henri II., in the tournament at the Pince Royale.

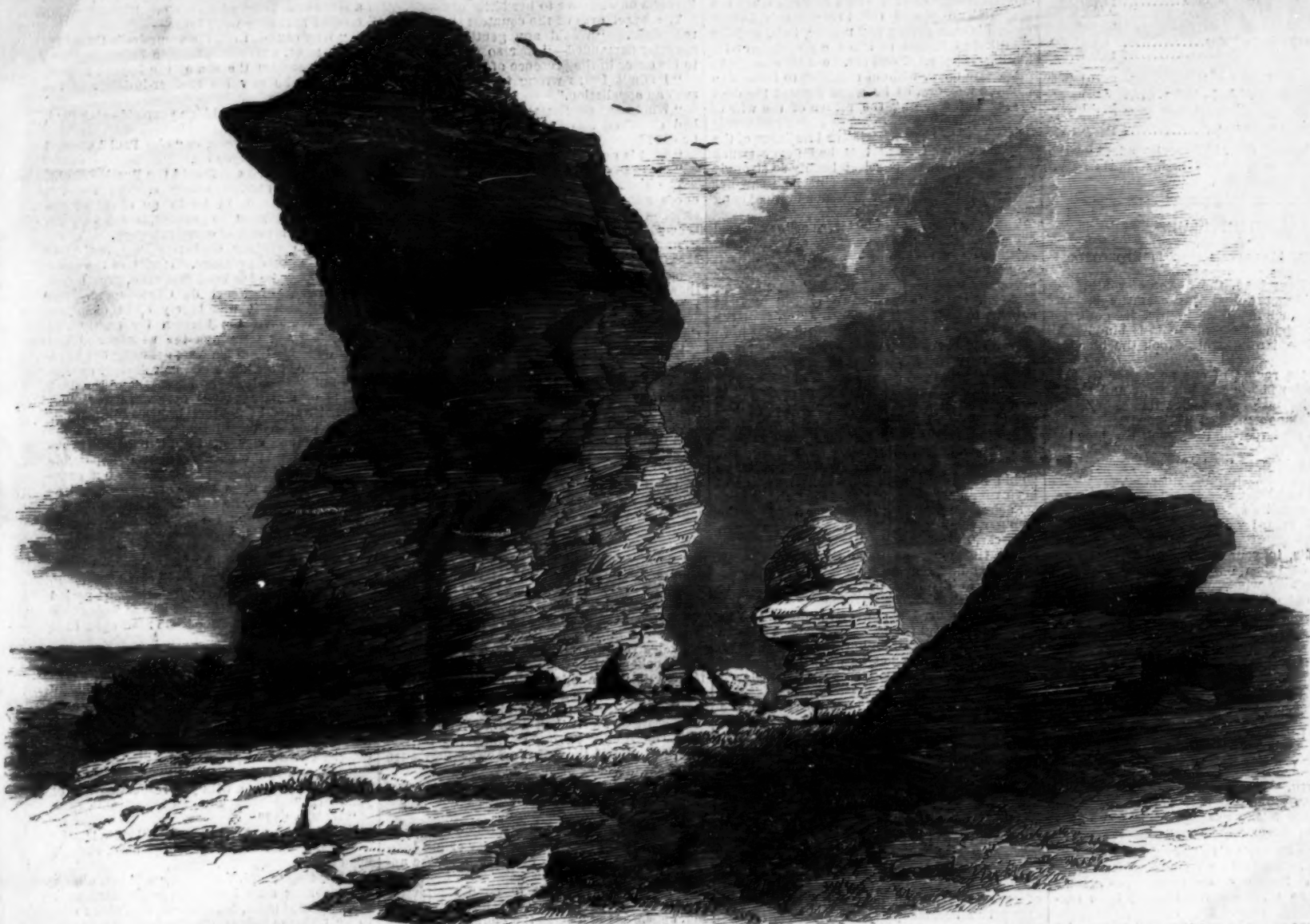
WHITTIER being asked for an autograph, the other day, at once complied by penning:

The name is but the shadow, which we find Too often larger than the man behind!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW LABOR EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION, PLIMPTON BUILDING, STUYVESANT AND NINTH STREETS.—SCENE IN SITTING-ROOM.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE EAGLE'S NEST, RED BUTTE STATION, ON THE LINE OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 490.

THE NEW FREE-LABOR BUREAU.

THE servant-girl question has been discussed more generally in New York and vicinity during the last ten years than any other. While husbands have busied themselves with arguments on ecclesiastical and political subjects, wives have been vexed and worried over the matter of domestic labor. Intelligence offices have been of some assistance, yet they have also been the means of fraud and imposition. A girl, discharged from one place for theft, could, on paying a nominal fee, engage at another, and repeat her tricks. At the labor bureau, opened two years ago at Castle Garden, the impositions both on employers and employees are startling. The officers do their best to prevent fraud, but they are almost powerless. Owing to the free access which is given to emigrants and persons in want of situations, representatives of disreputable houses can ensnare young and inexperienced girls, and consign them to lives of crime and revolting infamy. Domestic who may have frequently been discharged from good homes for criminal conduct, may place themselves among girls but recently arrived at this port, and ladies desiring help stand a better chance of securing a notorious thief than a willing, honest girl. True, detectives are stationed at the office, but the imposition is not broken up. Systems there are, but they are impracticable.

Turning from this place, we look with gratification at the bureau established in May, 1905, by act of the Legislature, and placed under charge of the Commissioners of Char-

ties and Correction, located in the Plimpton Building, corner of Stayveant and Ninth streets. This bureau was opened to the public June 15th, 1905, and the admirable system then

adopted has been successfully followed. Girls applying for situations are obliged to register their names, ages, nationality, period of residence in this country, and branch of work they

desire. Tickets are then given, which admit the holders to the sitting-room, and give them seats in order of application. Employers are required to give name, residence, salary,

kind of work to be performed, and good reference, when they receive tickets admitting them to the reception-room, where they also are seated in numerical order. Each, in turn, hands the ticket to the officer, who sends it to the sitting-room, whence a girl answering the desire is brought down. When engagements are made, the conditions are entered in full on a book kept for the purpose, and the employer and employee take their leave.

Should any dissatisfaction be afterward expressed, an investigation is held, and if the charges are proven, the name of the aggressor is entered on the black-book, and the party forbidden to apply for further assistance.

By these means both parties are kept separated until legitimately brought together; dishonest girls are not permitted to avail themselves of the bureau's aid; neither are employers, charged with improper conduct of any form toward accepted domestics; and no person whose references are not of the best kind will receive any attention or assistance. There is an impression prevailing that the girls here assisted are those discharged from the Islands.

That this is false is proven by the fact that no names are registered without a guarantee being given of the applicant's respectability.

The rules that govern the female department are also enforced in the male department. The following statistics will show the amount of



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—IN THE SIERRA NEVADA, ON THE LINE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 490.

business transacted from June 15, 1869, to February 21, 1870:

Application, by Ma	8,100
" " Females	14,700
Help required—Males	22,800
" " Females	18,000
Situations furnished—Males	4,500
" " Females	14,000
Total furnished	18,500

G. M. Losee, Esq., is Superintendent of the Bureau, and is seconded in his efforts by an able corps of assistants.

THE BLUE.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

LADS of our land, the flower of youth,
Loitering the vext Havana through,
Shot down like dogs, because, forsooth,
The ribbon at their throats is blue!
The Spaniard will not brook the blue!

And not a regent of our power
Hurls its hot lightnings, swift and true!
No navies make the place, this hour,
A blot upon the ocean's blue!
The Spaniard will not brook the blue!

Oh! war-ships, in the tropic seas,
Idling with each impatient crew,
Strike the bright flag that flouts the breeze,
And from its splendor tear the blue!
The Spaniard will not brook the blue!

Ye spirits, in your shining crowds,
That on this sphere God's bidding do,
Call the four winds, and call the clouds,
And out of heaven wash the blue!
The Spaniard will not brook the blue!

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

By C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER VIII.—SINCERITY ESTABLISHED—THE COWARDLY TIGER'S WHELP—CONVENIENCE AND PITY—FRIEND AND ENEMY—THE "BON CAMARADE"—CONFIDENCE—WORSE THAN A CUR.

WHETHER Catharine Dolgorouki had decided or not before she had seen Flodorowna in company with Monsieur de Chateaupers, after having done so, she would scarcely have hesitated.

That there existed some powerful reason why she should wish the peasant girl removed from her brother's neighborhood, possibly also from her own, apart from her love for her—she was, beyond any doubt, sincere in this—was certain. Yet, it may be considered doubtful whether she had purposed heartily to assist him, until she might feel convinced of the girl's feeling in his favor. She had evidently not altogether believed in it. It was true that his ready interference for her had influenced her decision. But the flush of painfully repressed joy which kindled under Flodorowna's pearly skin, when she saw him, struggling even through the unaffected pleasure with which she bid the daughter of her master welcome, irrevocably settled it.

It was a period in our modern civilization, when female virtue, beyond a certain class, was for loveliness, a thing well-nigh unknown.

Possibly, the Countess Dolgorouki would unhesitatingly have stigmatized a friend, and shrunken in disgust from herself, could she have imagined it possible that either of them might have facilitated an intrigue between a lady in their own sphere of life and the French nobleman, unless, perchance, it had respectively been with themselves.

But, this was quite a different thing. Flodorowna was simply a serf, royally stamped with unusual beauty.

If she did not fall into the hands of Paul Dimitry, it was certain that when the Boyard was no longer able to protect her, she must be given as a plaything to some one of his friends. Paul loved her as fiercely as a "cowardly tiger's whelp" could love any woman. Such was the style with which she designated him, in her own inner heart. Frequently, had she interposed Ivan Dimitry's affection for herself, between him and Paul. It was assuredly from no great love to the latter, at any rate, during the last two years. On the contrary, it was in compliance with her husband's wish that she had done so.

Yet, what gratitude had he shown her—what brotherly love—what decent respect? And at the death of the Boyard, it would be this "cowardly tiger's whelp" into whose ownership Flodorowna must fall.

In the hands of the young Frenchman, she would, at all events, have her beauty—Catharine Dolgorouki possessed no personal jealousies—placed where it could be appreciated. She would live in luxury. The lasting horror of Ismaila's middle age—thinking of this, the countess shuddered—she would most certainly escape.

And after—perhaps, "the deluge." When the thoughts which swept through the mind of the Russian lady, arrived at this point, she shrugged her shoulders with a mutinous air of indecision.

Then, she muttered to herself—"at all events she will be out of the way, and in kindly hands, for a time."

Convenience and pity worked together. The daughter of Dimitry had entered the dwelling of Mallowitz, in company with the peasant girl. When she did so, Ismaila had taken the hand of the young countess and pressed it reverently with her withered lips. Had Henri

de Chateaupers known with what a repugnance Catharine submitted to this formula of welcome, he might have comforted himself upon the remembrance of his own feelings when the Starost had placed the Frenchman's fingers upon his own greasy and matted hair, and the Moujik had hinted to him the propriety of his kissing Ismaila. However, he had enough to deliberate upon, without recalling to himself so trivial a memory, as he stood without the door of the hut, awaiting the return of the wife of Dolgorouki.

It was not of the superlative loveliness of the fair peasant, although that had never struck his appreciation of physical beauty so strongly as it had, when, a moment since, he saw her standing humbly in the presence of the young countess.

The attractions of the last were acknowledged everywhere. Yet, in spite of the aids of velvet, ermine, lace and hair-powder, comparison would have justified him in rating the simplicity of home-made serge and unbleached linen far higher. Catharine's dark eyes and brilliant cheeks, to which the cosmetic adjuncts of the toilet were decidedly not unknown, might have played sad havoc with many a susceptible heart. It may, nevertheless, frankly be doubted whether they might have ranked so high in the estimation of her admirers, if she had been attired in the red woolen petticoat, coarse bodice and heavy shoes of her unconscious rival. She ought not, however, to be called her rival, for, had the countess heard her so termed, she would have laughed right out. That laugh would have been a proudly conscious one of her own appearance.

Such a striking of the balance between the young matron and the younger maid, did not, however, even occur to Monsieur de Chateaupers. His thoughts were on this occasion, after a brief and passionate gaze upon Flodorowna, devoted to his own position with regard to her.

He had secured a powerful and—of this he was sure—a loyal friend.

He had also earned an unscrupulous enemy. His friend knew what he wished, and would assist him. His enemy—so, at least he believed—did not know what he desired.

It was clear that he had not yet realized the truth of what his fair ally had recently said. *Espionage*, as yet, had not proved itself to him, a Russian universal fact.

Surely, up to this part of the game, he had made every point.

Besides he had scored something else.

When Flodorowna had kissed his hand, as he all from Starbeam, her face had flushed scarlet to the very brow.

Then, she had said to him—"My lord has been long without remembering his slave."

As the humbly and gracefully Oriental form of expression curved her lips, her brow and cheek had become pale and colorless as the blanched snows of her own winter.

If, however, young Dimitry—coward as he was, this was quite possible under so palpable an insult—should demand satisfaction!

This possibility annoyed him.

He could not then remain under the Boyard's roof. Of course, he could not divine how dear he would have become to the old man, by wakening such an unwonted spirit of courage in the bosom of his son. Necessarily, he conceived that he would be obliged to quit Berenzoff. Thus, he would be removed, not alone from the presence of his blue-eyed divinity, but also from every chance of inducing the old Boyard to free her.

He could not see in what manner he might avoid this chance.

When Catharine Dolgorouki quitted the hut of Mallowitz, and he again saw the form which had obliterated his past and filled his present, he of course forgot all he had been dreaming out. Seeing her kneel and present her hand to the countess as a step to mount by, he sprang forward and lifted Catharine to the saddle. The girl opened her innocent and astonished eyes in a half-frightened way, while her companion smiled satirically.

Let us do Henri de Chateaupers justice. He frankly accepted the mockery of her smile.

Bending over the still kneeling Flodorowna, he spoke in a low tone:

"Think not that I forget what I have said."

"The mistress has promised that my lord should not."

The Russian lady had ridden on a few paces, as he assisted the peasant girl to rise.

"And is this all?" he impetuously asked.

"What more would my lord have?"

"More than a dozen short words, and a look as cold as the winter moon—Flodorowna! I want your love!"

With a sharp cry, she hid her face in her hands, and with bowed head bounded into the cottage, as Ismaila returned from the spot to which she had followed the daughter of Dimitry.

Leaping upon Starbeam, he joined her.

"Your friend has given you fair proof of her camaraderie!"—said the countess.

The Frenchman bowed.

He found himself in a novel position. In love with a serf, and with the daughter of her proprietor for his *confidante*. Certainly, he had intended to make her so. But she had made herself so. This was quite a different thing.

For some space they rode on quietly.

Then he spoke to her upon the position in which he would be placed if Paul Dimitry should resolve upon demanding satisfaction.

The countess looked at him with a mocking glance.

"Fear not—*mon bon camarade*! that he will even pretend to a show of courage."

"But—should he do so?"—he persisted.

"I tell you he will not!"—she said, impatiently.

"On the contrary, I shall be much astonished, if you again see him while you remain with Ivan Dimitry."

"Surely—no gentleman!"

Facing him abruptly, she curtly inquired—

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Of whom should I?"

"I ask you."

"Necessarily of Paul Dimitry"—was the Frenchman's answer to her bitter question.

The hazel eyes of the countess shone with a red light. "Would any gentleman"—she abruptly demanded—"offer so gross an insult to his sister in the presence of another?"

"I admit I was wrong to have given him such an appellation."

"Would any gentleman, when her own hands had chastised him for it, have attempted what he did?"

"That is not possible."

"He is a cur—worse than a cur."

The sharp, ringing tones of her brief sentences sounded as though her words had been stricken out upon an anvil. They might have seemed admirable to Monsieur de Chateaupers, if, under similar circumstances, they had been spoken by a man. But from the lips of a *belle dame*, even of that period and of that country, they appeared hard and coarse. He did not reply.

With the keen perception of a woman, Catharine saw what was passing in his mind.

Possibly its immediate impression was too legibly printed on his features.

"*Bon camarade*!" she said, gravely. "Bear with me. The Dimitrys are a rough and fierce race. If I speak at times as women rarely speak—if I suffer myself to forget what a woman ought to remember"—in uttering this, her lip curled with a male scorn—"it is because education has not whipped out of me all share of the blood of my fathers." After a brief pause, she broke out with a pleasantly rippling murmur.

"Who would fancy that the Catharine Dolgorouki of St. Petersburg could transmute her skin into that of the Catharine Dimitry of Berenzoff. For—ha! ha! ha! *bon camarade*! I am a Dimitry—tooth and claw."

Then she again relapsed into seriousness. "Believe me—Henri de Chateaupers! that it is all the better for you, the good God of Russia, in making me, welded into my nerve and fibre some share of Ivan's rougher and more iron grit."

Again the mockery of her laugh was heard—"even though it was a mistake on his part not to have fashioned me a man, and have given me Paul Dimitry's shoes to stand in."

In scarcely more than another hour and a half—the Moujik having rejoined them when they had passed through Yerkowa—they were once more back at Berenzoff.

As the countess had so unhesitatingly predicted, the son of the Boyard was not visible that noon or evening.

Possibly, his absence at meal-time may have improved the digestion and temper of old Dimitry. Certain is it, that, contrary to all the anticipations of the French nobleman, his wrath of the morning seemed to have completely blown over. A harvest moon, upon this evening, appeared to brighten the moral atmosphere of the Boyard's dwelling.

CHAPTER IX.—GETTING RID OF OUTSIDERS—A FAMILY MEETING—THE BOYARD AND THE COUNTESS—UNWELCOME TRUTH—IT TELLS AGAINST THE GRAIN—CLOUD, STORM AND SUNSHINE—THE LISTENER AT THE DOOR.

DURING the next few days, everything went placidly along in the household.

No one could have imagined that there was any want of harmony in the family, or any discomfort in the position of their guest. Yet, it is more than probable that the Boyard himself was the only one of them who enjoyed any real pleasure.

Paul had not reappeared.

The irksomeness of submitting, in consequence of the visit of his daughter and her husband, to the presence of one, whom—whatever his relationship might be—he so thoroughly despised, was removed. Be the reason what it might, he was gratified. With the selfishness of an old age that appreciated his personal comfort more than that of even his daughter, he made no inquiries of her or of her husband. Perhaps, he was convinced that he would be enlightened previous to her return to St. Petersburg.

That Sapichy Dolgorouki was greatly incensed by what Catharine had told him, was clear.

On the day after their return from Yerkowa, the count had noticed that the courtly calm of his demeanor was broken up. He answered his wife at times impatiently—to his father-in-law he was more than usually attentive, while to the Frenchman himself he evinced an occasional bitterness, immediately corrected by a manner which would have been obsequious but for its stately reticence. Indeed, the close observer might almost have fancied that at times the Muscovite courtier would, beyond any doubt, have relished an old-fashioned and savagely Russian outbreak, something after the style of his father-in-law.

It was impossible that this externally compulsory placidity should long remain undisturbed.

On the morning of the fourth day, Sapichy proposed to take two of the grooms and their fowling-pieces, and go with them to beat up some quail. Monsieur de Chateaupers would have declined, had not the countess authoritatively signaled to him to accept the offer.

As equipped for their sport, they passed through the copse to the right of Berenzoff, the Russian said, in an apparently careless but meaning manner—

"Catharine has demanded an interview with the old man."

"Demanded—an interview?"

The Frenchman smiled. It appeared so singular that a daughter should "demand an interview" with her father.

"I regret that it was necessary."

"The countess, then, has told you"—commented Henri de Chateaupers.

"I know nothing," said the Russian, sharply.

"She believes it necessary to see the Boyard. She is probably now with him. That is all."

While he was saying this, they saw, through

the branches of the fir-trees, Paul Dimitry. He was rapidly riding upon the road to Yerkowa. Sapichy's gray eye lit up fiercely. He growled a few words between his teeth. His companion fancied that they were these—

"Why cannot I cut the scoundrel's throat?"

He must, nevertheless, have been mistaken. At that instant the son of the Boyard turned. Evidently he saw his brother-in-law and the Frenchman.

"Where have you hidden yourself—*cher Paul*, during the past few days?"

Without any answer, *cher Paul* averted his eyes, and galloped on.

"The unlicked cub?" said the Russian count.

This was uttered loudly enough for the French nobleman to be in no doubt of the meaning. It must be granted, it was very decidedly the reverse of complimentary.

In the meantime, Catharine Dolgorouki was in her father's presence. It was in the same room where he has been first seen, previous to the arrival of Henri de Chateaupers. The morning sun—it was barely eight o'clock—although above the horizon for nearly five hours, streamed through the narrow and low windows full upon his face, detailing the bristling silver of his beard and hair sharply against the tall oaken back of his seat, and the dark velvet of his dress. His eyes were sparkling, but half-valled by the long lashes and deep lids which partially closed them. Not a line upon the old man's vigorous head but seemed in repose. One might have thought it impossible that he should suspect his daughter had come to speak to him upon a subject as distasteful, as it must necessarily be unwelcome. The Boyard pushed the crimson cushion, on which Catharine Dolgorouki has once ere this been seen sitting, before her.

"Be seated—my child."

"No, Boyard Dimitry! I will stand."

The old man looked at her for a short period without speaking. Her face was as impassable as his own. Nothing was to be read upon it.

Then he said—

"You call me 'Boyard'?"

"Yes."

"Not—Ivan?" There was a pause, but no answer.

"Not—father?"

"I speak to the Boyard."

Her features were whiter even than her powdered hair. Only her lips had their natural color. These were, nevertheless, set and rigid.

"Wife of Sapichy Dolgorouki—I listen."

"I come to speak with you respecting one of your serfs."

"Which one?"

"Flodorowna—the niece of Mallowitz!"

The old man swore a savage oath, and his bead-like eyes actually flamed.

"I thought, after my having told you all, on the morning after I had sent her to her home, it was agreed upon, between us, that there was to be no more talk of the girl from you to me. Her name was forbidden to your lips. If I allowed you to go to her—"

"Allowed—me?"

The look of her eyes repeated his.

"It would seem that you—"

"May demand respect as the wife of a Dolgorouki, as well as the daughter of a Dimitry."

"On my own lands, I am the master and the lord. Here—even the dead Tsar, Peter, could do nothing save I willed it."

"Therefore is it, that I now speak."

"Why?"

Then, she told him what had passed between herself and Paul Dimitry.

"You struck him with your whip?"

"Across the face?"

"And he—"

"Would have sprung upon me but for Monsieur de Chateaupers, who lifted him by his throat as a terrier would a rat, and dropped him on the ground before the *kabak*."

Dimitry smote the table with his clinched hand, laughing bitterly.

"So he dares not show his craven face, Katrina, where De Chateaupers is?"

"I presume not."

"And Sapichy Dolgorouki—my child?"

"Is a courtier?"

Her accent expressed a portion of the same, contempt, which her father and herself, both felt for the son and brother.

"But a brave man—child?"

Old Dimitry did not follow her meaning.

"He knows that white hairs cannot last for ever"—she said.

Even then, for some moments, the Boyard failed to comprehend her. As her meaning dawned upon him, he swept his hand slowly down his white beard, and drew its wiry hairs out between his wrinkled fingers.

"Right!" he at last said. "I suppose they cannot last long—by St. Paul! I should like to remain until his cowardly carcass is under the sod—and then how quickly, would matter little. Why did you not stand in his place—my ewe-lamb?"

His daughter sighed.

"But, you were not too lamb-like in stripping his cowardly brow for him." He laughed angrily. Then, he held out his hand to her. She did not take it. "Sit down—Catharine."

"Not yet—Boyard Dimitry."

With a fiercely passionate gesture, the old man drew himself up in his chair. The fingers which had been stroking his beard now clutched at the white hair.

"I forgot. Go on."

"I was speaking of Flodorowna."

"Ay! I hear."

"Paul—"

"I know what you would say. The coward, and knave, and ass fancies he loves her. Does he think that he shall take her, and stamp himself blacker than he is now? By the bones of old Peter, I would trample him into the very dirt—having throttled his life in his false throat, if I knew he dared to dream of taking her from the shadow in which I have placed her. Do you suppose that I would permit it—girl? No! no! no! A thousand times—no! By St. Paul, bone—as men say he is, and as I

suppose I know—of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, I would slit his throat first, from ear to ear, as I would that of a wolf!"

"Yet—Boyard?" commenced the Countess Dolgorouki, gravely. Then she paused.

"Well—what?"

"You must leave him."

Again, the old man seemed unaccountably blind to that which she was alluding to. He was yet so strong and sinewy—so full of a lusty and vigorous vitality, that he did not count his years. Life only reckons them, when the pulse and muscle begins to fail it.

"True"—he at last answered. "I suppose I shall."

"And—what then?"

"What can I do? I cannot sell my soul for a new lease of years. The devil, of late, has not offered men such bargains."

"What can you do?"

"Yes, Catharine!"

"If you could rid yourself of her—"

He started. His sharp, bead-like eyes literally glared with wrathful horror. "Woman—what mean you?"

She saw he had misapprehended her.

"Not that—not that, Ivan"—she said, with a shudder which convinced him that his acute fear had mistaken her. The tears in her eyes mixed with her struggling smiles. "I was not thinking of death"—again she shuddered—"only of a little love."

"Love! What love?"

"The love of Henri de Chateaupers."

"Of Henri de Chateaupers?"

"Truly—yes!"

"And who is it, Catharine, that you fancy the Frenchman loves?"

It was evidently a difficult thing to hammer facts into that densely physical belief, which it was disinclined or unprepared to receive. They must be thrust palpably upon its sense, to induce it to admit in the remotest degree their bare possibility.

She replied—"Flodorowna!"

With an angry yell, he repeated her name.

"I have said it."

"The boy is a fool," he shouted—clenching his knotted hand firmly upon the arm of the chair in which he was seated.

"Yet, he loves her."

"How? and in what way?"

She replied with a cold contempt—"in the way that most men love."

"Will he wed her?"

"Ivan Dimitry—you must be mad."

"What do you say?"

"He is a gentleman by blood, birth, and education. She is—"

"Not another word!"

Dashing his head forward with a violent cry, upon the table—a cry more like the scream of a suffering beast than a human being—as if he strove physically to awaken his troubled sense from that which he felt must be a dream, he hid his face in the long loose sleeves of his dress. His gripping hands were projected far from them, with the fierce pulsations actually marking themselves visibly, in the throbbing veins, upon their bony and knotted backs.

After several minutes had elapsed, during which the silence was only broken by his hoarse and heavy breathing, he raised his head—gazing upon the face of his daughter with a strange and stony look.

"What have you been saying to me, Catharine?" Then, without noticing whether his daughter was about to reply or not, he sprang from his seat as a fierce expression of condensed pain and rage became visible on his vividly rigid features. "Yes! I remember it all now."

Crossing the room and recrossing it, with a heavy and measured tread, several times, he remained silent.

Suddenly pausing, he burst out:

"I will not let her from me."

"Then—"

"Leave me."

The scene had been almost more trying to Catharine Dolgorouki, than it had been to the Boyard. She may have anticipated an even more outwardly stormy one, for she alone, could know the sharp pain which her words must cause him. Her lips were parched and dry. Her tongue appeared to cleave to her mouth. Scarcely knowing what she did, she took the silver goblet from the sideboard on which it was standing, and half filled it with cognac. As the raw spirit passed her throat, the color seemed to return to her cheeks. Her hazel eyes grew tenderer, but were lit with a more piercing light.

"Not yet—Boyard Dimitry."

"Go!"

"Nay! I will speak more with you."

"Catharine Dolgorouki, have a care! You know what I am, when the fit is on me."

His sharp eyes glared into hers with a mad fury, and his right hand was lifted threateningly. But, her glance shone with an equally angry light. The fiery scarlet of her cheeks plainly showed that her passion, although it might be apparently more under control, was equally active.

"I must speak."

"Beware!"

"Why should I? Am not I, also, a Dimitry? Must my lips be sealed like those of the serf, who dares not say the truth to his master?"

"Ha!"

"Flodorowna!"

Scarcely had the syllables of the girl's name been fashioned—harshly and drily, it is true—by her delicate lips, than she was caught in the savage grip of the Boyard. It was useless for her to struggle. She was lifted from her feet. Swaying her light form backward and forward, as if it were no more than a chance missile, he launched the fragile figure from him. Falling with a crashing sound, she was extended on the further side of the floor, against the entrance of the chamber.

The young serf who was in attendance on the outside of the door did not stir.

Save he had been summoned by the old man,

he dared not enter. What was it to him, what or how much might chance on the other side of that inch and a half of polished oaken plank? Death—so it chose to do so—might enter, unheralded and unpermitted, that apartment. Life, in the shape of one of the Boyard's household, knew better.

For some twenty minutes the voice of Dimitry, alone, could be heard.

His infuriated accents were like those of some helpless Titan struggling against the wrath of the cloud-compelling Jove. Curses, mad yells, passionate shouts, the wildly demoniac words of a wrath indescribable, mingled with the insane supplications of an equally ferocious as well as untellable anguish, came—rising and falling by fits and starts—to the ears of the startled boy.

But, at length, these gradually died away into silence.

"Thanks be to St. Sergins!" said the young serf, in a tremulous and uncertain whisper, "that all is over, at last."

With his ear against the narrow slit between the frame-work of the door and the broad oak paneling in which it was imbedded, after the suspense of fifteen or twenty minutes more, he again heard the voice of his master. It was now troubled and low.

"Speak to me—ewe lamb of my love!"

There was no reply.

"Let me hear your voice—child of my heart—If it be only lifted to curse me."

A hoarse whisper responded.

Then, for the first time, the boy knew that the daughter of the Boyard had not been slain by her father's hands, as he heard the old man burst into a fit of convulsed and terrible tears.

IRON CUTTERS FOR UNITED STATES REVENUE SERVICE.

Quite a novelty in the line of steam-navigation, are the powerful little iron vessels recently constructed in New York City for the revenue service about Alaska. They are two in number, and in dimensions are thirty-seven feet in length, ten feet four inches in beam, and five feet in depth. They are furnished with engines of eighteen horse-power, which are capable of making two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, and weigh, without their armament, twenty tons each. On a trial trip they made an average speed of eleven knots per hour, which exceeded the expectations of the constructors.

This speed may readily be augmented, in cases of emergency, by the use of sails, the cutters being full schooner-rigged, with berths for six persons. The vessels have been constructed under the direct supervision of W. A. Howard, Senior Captain United States Revenue Marine Corps, and each is supplied with a heavy gun, and a quantity of navy-carbines. It is the intention of the officers to send the cutters by steamer to San Francisco, whence they will be shipped to their stations on the Alaska coast.

The importance of employing such vessels in the revenue service, has long been apparent, and we only wonder that their construction was so delayed. Where old sailing vessels are posted, sharp smugglers can dash in and out of sight before the officers can get the vessels in sailing order. Then, the direction of the wind, and the condition of the sea, may retard pursuit, in spite of the activity of the officers, and the smugglers must be a very indolent set of fellows, if they are apprehended.

In the use of these little iron vessels, combining first-class sailing qualities, with powerful steam-engines, which may be in full operation at short notice, the chances of escape are much against the runners. A sharp chase may be had, and the light draught of the cutters will enable them to continue their pursuit in shallow water, and up the narrow streams in which smugglers not unfrequently seek refuge.

The vessels were built at the Ingersoll works, No. 159 South street, New York, and more than answer the demands of the revenue officers.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—The Reception of M. Emile Olivier, of the Imperial Ministry.

Since, by a decree of the Emperor of France, urged thereto by the almost unanimous voice of the people, a responsible ministry has been created, of which M. Emile Olivier was constituted chief, weekly receptions have been held, over which his lady, Madame Emile Olivier, has presided with much grace, adding greatly to the pleasures of the reunion, which is of a semi-political character, and the popularity of her husband. Mme. Olivier is pronounced by the journals of Paris, of all shades of opinion, a most charming woman, and her receptions have become the rage. Although the company is always *recherche*, the invitations are not limited to any party. All are welcomed—Imperialist, Republican and Socialist alike, and all retire charmed—satisfied with the social (*malgre* the political) amenities of the First Minister of the French Empire.

France.—The Great Sewers of Paris.

A stranger to the ways of Paris would hardly suppose that it counted among its "sights" its sewers. They may not ordinarily be considered attractive, but they certainly, from their extent, are worth visiting, and it has been found that those most solicitous to ride upon their turbid waters are the ladies. Our engravings show the "boat" and "wagon," with their passengers, passing down the main sewer. It will be noticed that there is a peculiar contrivance attached to these water-carriages. These are for removing from the bed of the sewer the heavier filth, which is driven onward to the places of deposit. It is only on certain days of the year that the Paris sewers are made show-places of. On these occasions they are magnificently lighted up with some thousands of moderator lamps, each provided with its silvered reflector. The tickets issued by the municipal authorities indicate the time and place of rendezvous, and precisely at the hour specified, the large iron trap-door in the centre of the pavement is raised, and the assembled party descend to these truly gigantic subways, of which an English writer remarks: "The

main artery is on the northern bank of the Seine, and between three and four miles in length, and extends from the Place de la Concorde to Asnières, near to which well-known suburb the principal southern artery, after crossing the Seine in a monster-tube close to the Pont d'Alma, will eventually form a junction with it. Besides these principal arteries, which have a height of close upon fifteen feet, and a width of about eighteen feet, including a pathway on each side nearly three feet wide, there are thirty miles of secondary galleries of somewhat smaller dimensions, in addition to an intricate network comprising nearly six hundred miles of sewers proper. The principal purpose served by these extensive sub-ways is the drainage of the streets, and the carrying off the refuse water and the rainfall from the houses; cess-pools, which require to be periodically emptied, being still the rule in the French capital."

Egypt.—The Night Patrol of the City Guard at Cairo.

The City Guard of Cairo, composed of Nubians, whose business it is to patrol the narrow streets between the setting and rising of the sun, is a picturesque, if not particularly effective, body. Its costume is in a state—shall we call it "between"—neither Oriental nor Occidental; but, as it were, a motley of each. A writer in the *Graphic*, speaking of these watchmen of the night, says: "It is curious to see black fellows sitting at the door of their guard-rooms peacefully knitting stockings to sell to European tourists, who give them three times what the stockings are worth, being unable to fight out the matter in Arabic." The people of Cairo, except in the season of Ramadan, go to bed early, and their night patrol have little to do beyond looking to the mosques, that their doors are not open, and arresting prowlers who lurk in the bazaars, on the look-out for plunder.

England.—The Riots near Sheffield.—The Attack on the Police.

On the morning of Friday, January 21, about a thousand miners, employed in the collieries in the neighborhood of Barnsley, made a well-planned, but, fortunately, not successful, attack on the dwellings of non-union men—that is, of laborers in the mines who declined entering the organization, and who, for the most part, worked in the coal-pits at Westwood, a station on the South Yorkshire Railroad. The police had an intimation of their design, and when the unionists appeared in force, they, although at first but eight in all, boldly met them with drawn sabres. Of course, so small a number of armed men could not make headway against a company a thousand strong, blinded by passion and prejudice. While resisting the rioters, the police left the dwellings open to the assault of another gang, who entered, and mercilessly pillaged them. Subsequently, as our engraving illustrates, the insurgents met with a stronger body of the servants of the law, and were dispersed.

China.—The Landing of Prince Alfred at Hong Kong.

While the third son of Victoria of England is vegetating, as a soldier in the New World, and in a particularly disagreeable portion of it at that, her second son, the "sailor boy," Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, is enjoying himself in the Far East, among the "Celestials," a people that boast a civilization even more ancient than was that of Thebes. The engraving represents the landing of the prince at Hong Kong, where he was feted by the English residents. During his stay at this port, he "assisted" at laying a corner-stone for an English church—the St. John's Cathedral—and in opening the new City Hall. He arrived at Hong Kong in November, and subsequently visited Peking. He, however, did not remain in the metropolis of China many days. His society was not so congenial as was that of the port at which his ship, the *Galatea*, lay, and where he was danced, and dined, and wine, until he tired of even Hong Kong society, and sailed for Penang.

Rome.—Pontifical Mass, on Christmas Day, in St. Peter's.—The Service of the Communion.

On Christmas Day, the religious ceremonies observed in the basilica of St. Peter's was of a peculiarly exalting character. The ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Catholic world—venerable servants of God—were assembled within hearing of their aged chief, who intoned with his rich and still powerful voice, the prayers and gospel lessons that formed the ante-communion services. The engraving includes only that part of the hall in which the archbishops, bishops, etc., are assembled. Before the administration of the communion, and in the middle of the service, the Pope retired from the altar, and walking to the throne, knelt there, until, with the sacred vessels containing the consecrated wafer and wine, the sub-deacon and cardinal deacon advanced, when he partook of the sacrament. Subsequently he administered the rite to the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, senators, etc., etc., in attendance. At the close of the mass he retired.

France.—The Wreckers of Conquet Collecting the Bodies of the Passengers and Crew of the Steamship Gorgone.

Early in January, off the French coast, between the points of Saint Mathew and Labor, the steamship Gorgone, during a heavy storm, foundered, and within sight of land. The fishermen, or wreckers, of Conquet, in the maritime department of Finistere, which is washed by the rude waves of the Atlantic, hastened to the relief of the unfortunates; but their labors were vain. When the storm had subsided, and a gleam of sunlight tinted and softened the ruggedness of the barren coast, the bodies of passengers and crew, to the number of eight, floated to the shore. Efforts were made to restore to animation these unfortunates of the sea, who, but a little while before, were full of life and enterprise; but these proved vain. Subsequently, the dead were interred, under the direction and at the expense of the commune.

A MODE has been devised for depositing copper, silver or gold, by the electric process, upon paper, or any other fibrous material. This is accomplished by first rendering the paper a good conductor of electricity, without coating it with any material which will peel off. One of the best methods is to take a solution of nitrate of silver, pour in liquid ammonia till the precipitate formed at first is entirely dissolved again; then place the paper, silk or muslin for one or two hours in this solution. After taking it out and drying well, it is exposed to a current of hydrogen gas, by which operation the silver is reduced to a metallic state, and the material becomes so good a conductor of electricity that it may be electroplated with copper, silver or gold in the usual manner. Material prepared in this manner may be employed for various useful and ornamental purposes.

NEWS BREVITIES.

GREEN corn is in market in Texas.

SHAD sell for \$1.25 at Wilmington.

PORTLAND, Oregon, wants a board of trade.

THERE are some forty thousand Indians in California.

THE banks of Europe are generally reducing their rate of interest.

AN Ohio farmer found a gold dollar inside of a squirrel he had shot.

DELIRIUM TREMENS aspires to the dignity of an epidemic at Indianapolis.

A BARK has sailed from Boston for Cork with 22,473 bushels of Canada peas.

THERE are eight thousand followers of Friends Fox and Hicks living in Iowa.

A LAD named Winslow broke through the ice at Valley Falls, R. I., and was drowned.

DANBURY has a Sandemanian Church, which considers itself the only one of its kind in America.

A RESOLUTION was introduced in the Virginia House, asking the Government to accord belligerent rights to Cuba.

THE sales of tobacco in the neighborhood of Greenfield, Mass., are very brisk, and but few lots now remain in the farmers' hands.

At a special election, the citizens of Binghamton, New York, have decided to erect a free academy, at a cost of \$75,000.

THE telegraph is superseding royal autograph letters. Napoleon III. recently inquired by it about Queen Victoria's health.

THE ice in the ponds in the neighborhood of Norwich, Connecticut, is about seven inches thick, and ice-men have begun work.

A FARMER in Lewiston, Me., sells wood by sample, leaving sticks at residences, and offering to deliver such at a specified price.

THE billiard match between Rudolphe and Deery, for the championship of America, has been postponed until the 6th of March.

ANDREW BLAIR and Patrick Gunning have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each for robbing a citizen in the streets of Boston.

ONE item of produce shipped from Orland, Maine, past year (1869) was 63,400 dozen of eggs, at an average price of 30 cents per dozen, equal to \$19,020.

THE Baptist Publication Society, of Philadelphia, is about to open a depository in Boston, ten thousand dollars having been subscribed there for its support.

ABOUT one hundred negroes left Lynchburg, Virginia, last Saturday. Forty of them were bound for Memphis, the remainder for various points in the Southern States.

THE North German brig *Reuner*, cleared from Richmond, Va., on Saturday, for Rio Janeiro, with 1,800 barrels of flour, 500 of which were shipped from New York.

THE Louisiana Senate have passed the Three Million Dollars Levee Bond Bill. It now goes to the Governor. The house passed the Mixed School Educational Bill.

SOME of the Congressmen advocate an appropriation for postage-stamps for their use. Thus only are they willing that the franking privilege should be stamped out.

A GIRL who is spending the winter at Norfolk, Ct., skated five miles, on a creek, and back, on Saturday, the 22d ultimo, making a ten-mile trip, without stopping to rest.

THE last steamer which arrived at San Francisco from Japan, brought a large number of tea-plants of different varieties, a portion of them for the Japanese colony in El Dorado County.

SOME of the wealthy citizens of Jamaica Plain, Mass., propose to build a \$2,500 school house, for children from seven to twelve or thirteen years of age, and to have it controlled by the subscribers.

THREE architects of Chicago have commenced suit against the new State House Commissioners, setting damages at \$25,000, for services in revising and correcting the plans of the State House architect.

Or the three Cincinnati judges who delivered opinions on the question regarding "the Bible in the Public Schools," Judge Storer is an Episcopalian, Judge Hogan a Methodist, and Judge Taft a "Liberal Unitarian."

THE first evidence of interest in the subject of woman's suffrage in Maine, is a petition just presented to the Legislature from citizens of Pembroke, for an amendment to the Constitution, that shall permit women to vote.

It is said that the Shaker Society at Alfred, Maine, contemplate selling their real estate at that place, and uniting with one of the societies in Michigan or Ohio. The society at Alfred has become greatly diminished in numbers.

Forty cases of shoes for a San Francisco house, which were shipped by Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa, over fifteen hundred miles away, in six days and fourteen hours after they left Boston.

A PENNSYLVANIA paper says: "There are at this time a dahlia in full bloom in Scranton, and a rose bush full of buds in Easton. Dandelions are gathered in the fields of Allentown, and grasshoppers are numerous and lively in Bethlehem."

AN individual in Berne, calls himself Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and says he is a grandson of Napoleon I. He has published a pamphlet, dedicated to France, entitled "Society and My Rights." He bears some resemblance to the Bonaparte family.

THE Lehigh Valley Railroad Company in Pennsylvania, has adopted a general rule, to the effect, that all persons employed on the road, trains, or switches, while upon duty, must abstain entirely from intoxicating drink, under penalty of dismissal.

THE General Convention of Congregational Churches in Vermont, at its last session, appointed a committee to select a suitable man to complete the church history left incomplete by the Rev. Philip H. White. The committee appointed Rev. Asel W. Wild, of Greensboro.

ACCORDING to official statistics, the Chinese have abstracted and carried off from the soil of California sixty-eight millions of gold and silver in the last fifteen years. They do not leave much in the country—not even the bones of their dead, which are carefully gathered and sent back to China.

A LETTER from Mississippi, intended to prejudice favorably the case of a murderer, says that the writer knows of a family, of high social standing, in that State, whose tempers are so uncontrollable, that the members, male and female, will, upon a trifling misunderstanding arising, hurl knives at each other across the dinner-table, and that in the presence of strangers.

HOW TO MAKE WEALTH.

I WILL tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
Better than banking, trading or leases;
Take a bank-note and fold it up,
And then you will find your wealth increases.
This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps your cash in your hand, and with no-
thing to trouble it,
And every time that you fold it across,
Tis plain as the light of the day that you
double it.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
OVERLAND SCENES.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE Old Man of the Mountain, in the White Hills of New Hampshire, has been long and justly regarded as a great curiosity. It presents a perfect outline of the human face—nose, chin, lips, eyes and brow being clearly shown, and all of them sharp and angular. In other parts of the country similar representations of the human profile have been found, but all of them need the help of imagination to make them perfect. Some are so indistinct that many persons are unable to discover the resemblance, and pronounce it purely fanciful. Outlines of animals, or parts of animals, are more common, and generally more easy to make out. Sometimes they are pictured upon the faces of sharp cliffs, and sometimes formed by the outline of single or combined projections. One of these curiosities is the Monument Rock, near the line of the Pacific Railway; it has been pointed out to many travelers, and our picture will doubtless be endorsed by them as a faithful sketch of the scene. The upper part of the rock presents a clear outline of a dog's head, doubtless the most colossal canine cranium to be found in the United States. Like the Old Man of the Mountain, there is only one spot from which one can view it, and observe the resemblance. But, unlike the New Hampshire curiosity, the majesty and grandeur are not embraced in a view from a single direction. Monument Rock is strikingly attractive from all points of the compass, and remains firmly fixed in the mind of every traveler who gives it a careful study.

All through the Far West one can find petrified trees, or parts of trees; and in some instances forests have been turned to stone, though none of them extend over large areas. I remember, on one occasion, finding some of these petrifications where one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River emerges from the Rocky Mountains. Our party was riding along the valley, and proposed to halt for an hour or two, to rest our horses, and do a little refreshing on our own account. Noticing some fallen timber lying upon the ground, I went to it to gather a few branches for building a fire. But, on attempting to lift a small limb, I found it much heavier than wood, and a very brief examination showed that it was nothing less than stone. There were no leaves or small twigs visible, the bark was gone, and the limbs were much broken, but the resemblance to wood was perfect.

Generally these petrifications are found in valleys, or near small streams, but not always so. Sometimes they occur on ridges and mountains, and occasionally stumps have been found changed to stone exactly where they grew. The artist has given us a picture of an eagle's nest, in which every twig and branch composing it was petrified exactly as the bird arranged. Evidently the eagle flew away before the process of hardening began, else he might have found himself some fine morning changed into granite, felspar, or conglomerate. In this condition he would have lost

value as an eagle, except for purposes of ornament or curiosity.

Descending the slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the traveler constantly encounters bits of landscape that, taken by themselves, make charming pictures. The artist has given us one of these where the mountains rise abruptly in front and on either hand, while immediately before us is the road and the river—the latter crossed by a bridge—and the huts of the Chinese laborers, who rendered such important service in constructing the iron highway across the continent. Many of these valleys, which before were unsettled, are now occupied by colonists, who find them available for purposes of settlement; the land is fertile, and the railway furnishes a sure and ready means of reaching a market.

And the noble savage—not the Red Man of Cooper and Longfellow, but the real Savage of the Period—comes in for a share of the overland traveler's attention. He is seen at many of the stations along the road—dirty, unkempt

reason that the vices were the more numerous, and much easier to acquire. Whatever the reason, the result is not a happy one for the Indian. He is fast disappearing from the face of the earth, and one effect of the construction of the Pacific Railway will be his more speedy eradication. Half-a-dozen overland railways would nearly finish up the noble savage, and give him a place in history.

The morning toilet of a party of Indians has been photographed by the artist, and is presented herewith. The picture includes only squaws and children, the Indian gentlemen not being admitted, or, rather, considering it beneath their dignity to be present. Water is not thought indispensable at this toilet; very often it is not to be had, and the business consists of taking a roll upon the ground, shaking the clothes, and putting them on again. The infants present a curious appearance when released from the boards to which they are strapped during the day, and they seem to enjoy their freedom when thus let out. The

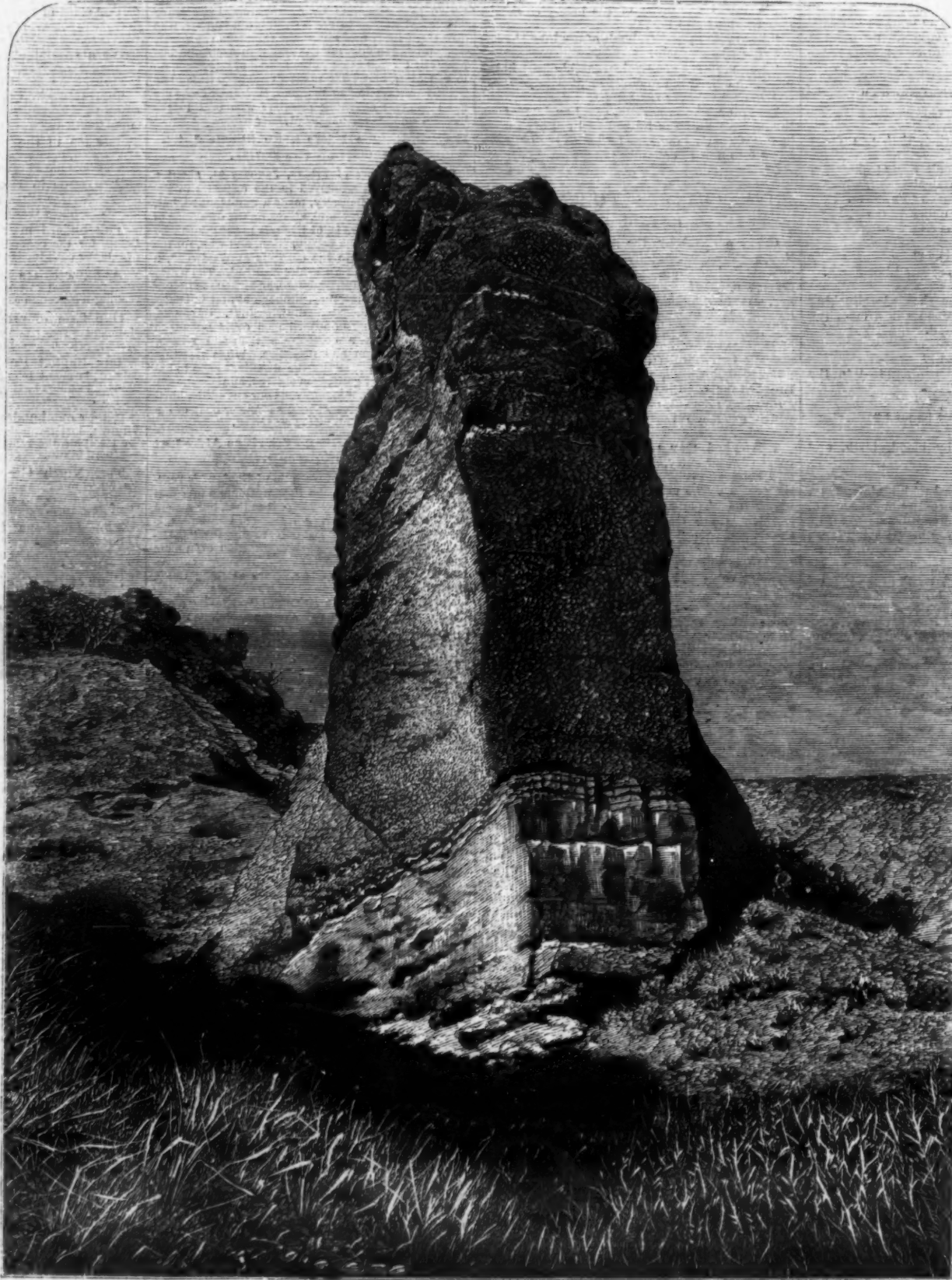
the open air while search is being made for their letters. In the early years of the gold excitement in California, the letter-delivery was thus situated, and after the arrival of a steamer, the line of men extending from the window frequently exceeded half a mile in length. It used to take four or five hours, and sometimes longer, to get to the window after taking one's place at the end of the line, and there were lots of idlers, that had no friends at home, nor anywhere else, and did not expect any, who used to take places, and then sell them out for five or ten dollars, when near the delivery port-hole.

THE ARION MASQUERADE BALL.

ON the night of February 17, those droll, and wittal exceedingly jolly, subjects of Prince Carnival, the Arions gave their sixteenth reunion at the Academy of Music, which, as a matter of course, was duly and expensively prepared for the occasion. The building was filled at an unusually early hour, and at ten o'clock, when the grand procession made its appearance, was literally jammed by those intent on "shooting folly as it flies," and, if space were available, of enjoying the intoxicating dance—all other spirituous, as well as spiritual, nutriment being prohibited the floor, and only to be had in the committee-rooms, where it was whispered, early in the evening, the Widow Clicquot could be "seen." At the hour named, a miniature Ecumenical Council was presented to the audience, in the form of a procession of cardinals, bishops, priests, etc., etc., led by the Pope—all correctly and splendidly robed. These represented the principle of Retrogression. Opposed to Reaction, there came on a crowd of men, of all professions and costumes, nations and ages, preceded by Columbia, who took upon herself the role of Progress. All these, of course, had reference to the convocation at Rome, and which it was thus intended to burlesque, but not too severely. Before the procession, the floor committee, costumed in the fashions of the chevaliers of the time of Louis XII., escorted Prince Carnival—the curtain rising to music—to his throne. On being seated, the venerable Pope and his retinue appeared, conspicuous in which was a cardinal, with an immense red hat on the back of his red cloak. The Pope was covered by an enormous red umbrella, that was held over him by some of his attendants. The procession closed with a number of cardinals and bishops, and four of Napoleon's best drilled zouaves, who bore against their shoulders the latest improved chassepots. Hardly had the Pope and his attendants taken their places at the foot of the throne of Prince Carnival, before a band appeared, which beggars description. All the nationalities were represented which the Pacific Railroad has brought in contact, for this group was meant to symbolize

Progress, in contradistinction to the Pope's company, which was the symbol of Reaction. It is this part of the proceedings—just as the locomotive passes behind the scenes—that our artist has seized and spiritedly sketched. It is the culmination of the burlesque. Dancing was then commenced, and continued until Friday morning—there being, when the more staid of the company retired, plenty of room left for the irrepressible to "dance all night till broad daylight, and go home with the girls in the morning."

A GERMAN professor has discovered a new kind of printing-ink, superior to any now in use. The essential part of the discovery is that, by a peculiar process, the ink can be entirely removed from the surface of the paper at a cost of half a dollar for every hundred pounds of printed paper, and the material is then ready for use again.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—MONUMENT ROCK, RUHO CANON, ONE THOUSAND MILES WEST FROM OMAHA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.

and lazy, and picturesquely suggesting that he would be greatly benefited if held under a pump, or dipped into a mill-race, for an hour or two. Cooper died too early; had he ever beheld the Indian of to-day, he would have left us different pictures of the red man. The highest ambition of the aboriginal inhabitant of the Western plains and mountains is to live without labor, and he manages to do so pretty fairly. The men leave all the work of the household to be performed by the women, and, as they believe in moral suasion with clubs, the women are obedient. The men occasionally indulge in buffalo hunts, or go on scalping excursions among their white or red neighbors, but these are only episodes out of their general career. What with their annuities from Government, and the articles of food and traffic that they buy and steal from settlers, they get along quite comfortably. They have taken the white man's vices, but none of his virtues—possibly for the

squaws are not pleasing to look upon, and the most susceptible and gushing of masculine travelers is in no danger of falling in love with them.

Since the dispute between the Union and Central Pacific roads, in regard to a point of meeting, was settled, Promontory has greatly diminished in importance. For some time it was the place where the trains met, and exchanged passengers and freight, but of late Ogden has attained this honor, and Promontory has waned in glory. The post-office at Promontory is an edifice of rough poles covered with canvas, or soft finish, as it is facetiously called on the frontier. It can accommodate but few persons at a time, and the interior appointments are of the rudest character. Applicants enter, one at a time, and retire to make way for the next; at many offices in the Western country the delivery-window opens on the street, and anxious inquirers are obliged to stand in



NEW YORK CITY.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—THE BALL OF THE ARIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

How the wind cried like one in pain, and twisted the branches of the great elms over on the Common, and dashed the cold rain against the windows! It was such a wild, stormy November day!

People hurried by with their wrappers bundled up around their noses, and thought, with a little glow at the heart, of warm fires in cozy rooms at home. Ragged children huddled in alleyways, or hung around store-doors, gazing in with wishful eyes.

In the parlor of the large brown house opposite the Common, there was as stormy a scene in progress as that in which the elements were engaged outdoors.

It was a comfortable room—richly, not extravagantly furnished. The windows were hung with heavy crimson curtains. The chairs and sofas were covered with the same color. A bright coal fire burned in an open grate, casting a rich, warm glow over the room.

Between the two windows stood a man of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years. His hair was brown, with fiery golden threads gleaming through it, and twisting into waves and curls over a lofty brow. His face was very pale—not from sickness; it seemed to be natural.

The features were perfect. A straight, aristocratic nose, a beautifully-molded chin, and just a curve of a full, red lip underneath a soft, brown mustache. Eyes, oval-shaped, deep, soft and blue, with straight, low brows, and long lashes. A white, firm hand, a handsome foot, and an elegant form. This was Duke West.

Half a dozen paces from him stood a young girl, clad in a simple brown dress. Here was a striking, not a handsome face; the mouth was too large; and yet it was a strangely fasci-

nating mouth—so flexible and expressive. She was just medium height, a figure slender and graceful. Her brow was low and broad. I have a passion for low foreheads in women—it makes them look so calm and sweet, unless they have wicked eyes—and Harvey Venner's eyes were not wicked, they were glorious. I have said that she was not handsome. I repeat it; Harvey was only a pure, gentle, womanly-

looking girl. But her eyes! You forgot, while looking into their depths, that she was not beautiful. In her quiet moments they were a liquid gray-brown, so large and clear and bright that they would draw a second glance from you in spite of yourself. And away down in them there was a sort of hungry yearning, as though she had missed something from her life.

It was the unsatisfied heart looking out through her eyes.

They were black now with excitement as she listened to her companion's words.

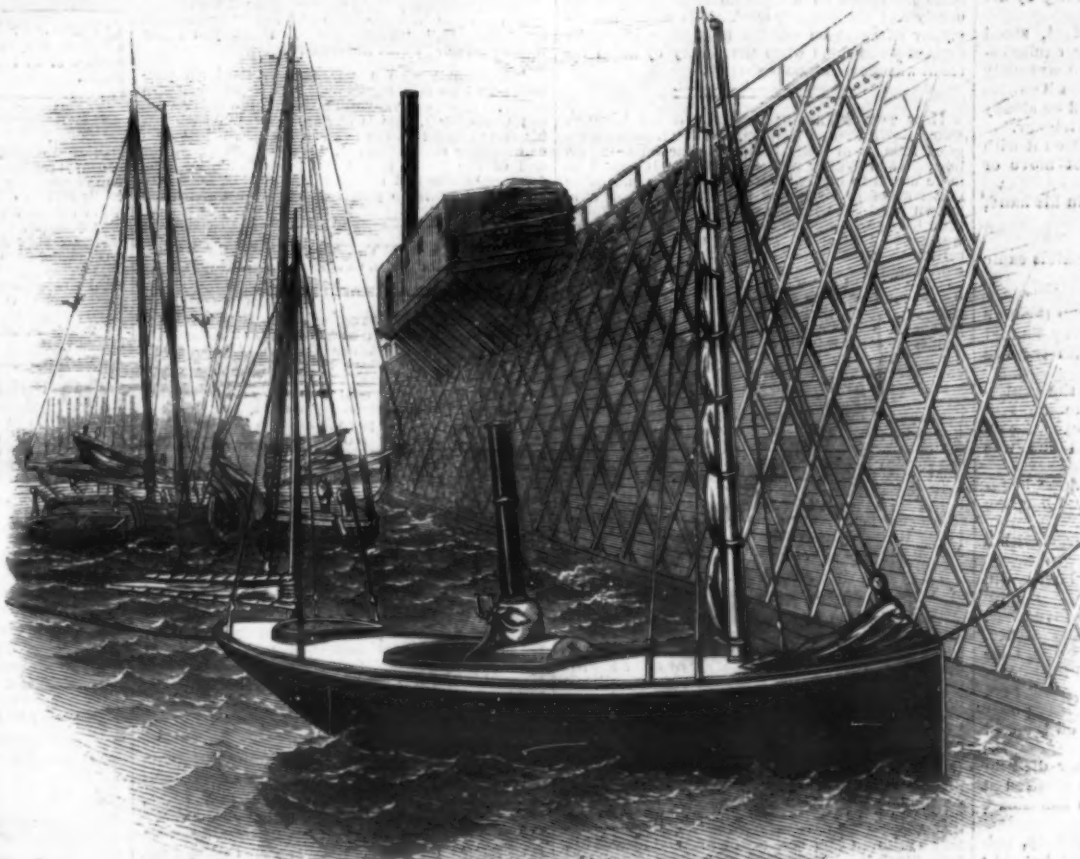
"And yet you loved me once, Harvey," he said, with a slow smile creeping over his face, and lighting up his deep eyes.

She dashed her dusky hair back from her face, as though its touch maddened her.

"Loved you? Yes, if it will be any satisfaction to you to hear me say it, I loved you, God knows how madly and blindly! I worshiped you! I would have knelt and kissed the very ground where you walked! I would have died for you! My life was one vast field of pure, unbroken bloom, until you came and with your ruthless feet crushed all my flowers until they were dead. I hung on your every word and look, and waited hungrily for your smiles, which you gave me, just as, in a charitable moment, you would toss a handful of pennies to a beggar. And you stand there with your insolent, smiling face, when you know that you have been the means of making all my life unutterably wretched! God! if I were a man, I would strike you dead at my feet!"

How the mad pain tore and wrenched at her heart, and burned in her eyes! And yet he stood there, as she had said, with his "insolent, smiling face," white, handsome and unmoved. A selfish man, you see—one who could not begin to understand or appreciate this woman's heart. One who was not capable of returning one-half the love that she lavished on him.

It had been very gratifying to his vanity to see her eyelids drop, and the flush come into her pure cheek beneath his gaze. He never troubled his head with the idea that while he was passing a few hours pleasantly, all the sweetness and richness was slowly drifting away from her life. He knew that she loved him, but he did



NEW YORK CITY.—IRON-PORT STEAMSHIP BETWEEN COASTS FOR SERVICE IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.—SEE PAGE 419.

not know—he never could know how she loved him.

It was the day previous to his departure for New York, and he had called to say "good-by." He thanked her for the pleasure her friendship had given him—said it was just likely that they might meet somewhere again; he hoped they should. She sat and listened to him with a white, still face. She understood him perfectly. He meant that the past was to go for nothing. But when he arose to go, and laid his hand on hers, with the hope that they might always be friends, all her anguish and wounded pride flashed up into her face, and, throwing his hand from her, she cried:

"Friends? Never—never! You and I can never be friends! Oh, may I only learn to hate you as you deserve!"

And then he said:

"And yet you loved me once, Harvey."

Her answer I have already given you. Three months later Duke West married a slender, delicate girl, with half a million. He fell in love with her money. Six months after his marriage his bride was laid in her grave, a victim to consumption.

Some three years passed away, and up among the mountains of Vermont, Duke West met Harvey Venner.

Harvey and her uncle—who had adopted her after the death of her parents, when she was a child—were spending the summer there.

When she met him she recognized his low bow by a slight inclination of her head, and repelled all his attempts to renew their friendship by her cool, quiet dignity.

One evening a party of gentlemen met in one of the private rooms of the hotel to play cards. By some chance, Harvey Venner's name was mentioned, and West, flushed with wine, caught at it.

"Harvey Venner? Gad, boys! did you know that she was sweet on me once? Was, 'pon honor! She really told me so, and accused me of breaking her heart, or something of that sort. It was quite romantic, I assure you," and he laughed loudly, and began to shuffle the cards, preparatory to dealing, when across the table there came a clear voice, with a thrill of indignation in it.

"Duke West, any man who would speak of a lady as you have spoken of Miss Venner deserves to be horsewhipped."

"May I be allowed to inquire if Mr. Knowles intends to be personal in his remarks?" said West, with a sneer.

"Sir," returned Knowles, in that same low, intense voice, "you are a mean, contemptible puppy!"

There was a breathless silence for a few seconds, and then West said, in his low, musical voice:

"I will meet Mr. Knowles at any place he may appoint, to-morrow at sunrise, and we will settle this affair. Graham, will you do me the kindness to act as my second? Perhaps Howe will do the same for you, Knowles."

The two gentlemen assented, and stepped aside to arrange matters.

The next morning Harvey arose at dawn, and donning a broad-brimmed hat, she left the hotel, and sauntered up the mountain-side. It was her habit to take a long ramble every morning before breakfast.

She went slowly on, breathing in the fresh, pure air, stopping now and then to pluck a flower, all sparkling with the morning dew.

As she turned off into a little grove of pines to the left, the sound of voices struck her ear. A few more steps, and she paused in astonishment at the scene which met her eye.

Standing with his profile toward her was Duke West, his hat on the ground beside him, his coat thrown carelessly open, and his face, white, handsome and smiling, with the bright brown curls clinging around the full, high brow. In his right hand, which hung by his side, he held a pistol.

Facing him, several paces distant, stood Richard Knowles. He was terribly excited—Harvey could see that. It contrasted strangely with West's reckless indifference. But Knowles was a good shot, and his hand would be steady enough when his finger pressed the trigger.

Yes, it was a duel! Harvey realized it with a strange horror; but she did not move or speak.

One of the seconds held a watch in his hand, and suddenly his voice rang out:

"Ready, gentlemen!"

There was a flash of steel as the pistols came up into position.

"One—two—three—fire!"

There was a rush of a woman's dress through the air, two sharp reports, and Harvey Venner sank down at Duke West's feet, with the red life-blood pouring from her breast.

There was a cry of horror from the gentlemen as they rushed forward. Duke knelt at her side; she smiled up into his eyes for an instant, then her eyes closed, and she was dead!—Harvey Venner was dead!

After the cruel wrong he had done her—after all the bitter pain he had caused her, she had given her life to save his.

Richard Knowles threw up his arms with a cry of anguish:

"Harvey dead—dead! and I killed her. Oh, my Father in heaven!"

He loved her, you see—this man loved her. He was noble and true, and worthy of her. But she loved Duke West, with his fair, false face and selfish heart; and she died for him.

All her pain was over now; she was at rest. Already a calm, sweet peace was settling over the still, dead face as it lay there on the cool green grass.

My story is ended. Harvey Venner died for the man she loved, and he, though shocked at first, went on through the world as handsome, smiling and selfish as ever.

Richard Knowles grew to be a moody, sad-browed man. Once, when he met West, he said:

"Do not cross my path, or I shall forget that she loved you, and shall be tempted to commit what the world would call 'murder.'"

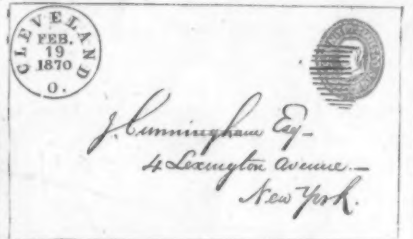
THE RULED ENVELOPE—AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

In this column we present illustrations of what is to be the future letter envelope of cultivated correspondents. It was patented in 1865, and introduced by the Post-Office Department in 1869, and subsequently in 1869, but was necessarily put on one side, with many other but less important inventions that were not of a warlike character, in the years of the rebellion. It was re-introduced by Postmaster



THE BLACK-LINED ENVELOPE BEFORE THE LETTER IS INSERTED, AND SUPERSCRIPTION WRITTEN.

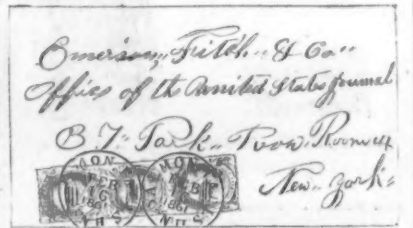
General Dennison in 1869, and is now supplied in about equal proportions with the ordinary stamped envelope, or at the rate of twenty millions per annum. Its practical advantages consist in enabling persons accustomed to write on ruled paper to execute a more legible superscription, and in indicating by its black lines its proper position on the face of the envelope. It is a very common practice with careless or ignorant correspondents to string the superscription over the whole face of the envelope, thus leaving no clear space for the stamp and imprint of the post-office at which it was mailed. Its artistic advantages



BLACK-LINED ENVELOPE AFTER RECEPTION OF POSTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

consist in enabling the correspondent to write by line, and thus uniformly intersperse the inscriptions comprising the address of letters, without the aid, which printers' ink and mathematical admeasurements, as represented by lines, have afforded him or her, being visible when the letter is inserted.

This may appear, at first sight, to be a small matter to the reader; but trifling as it appears, this artistic consideration has excluded ruled paper from every civilized country except the United States. And it



WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS TO THE ORDINARY LETTER ENVELOPE, OBLITERATION OF POST-MARK.

has even here excluded the ruled envelope, while the black lines are generally used by cultivated and fashionable correspondents in the Old World, and by many of the same class in this country, for writing paper and letter envelopes.

It is not the vulgar who shrink from being thought incapable of writing without the aid of lines, for those impressed on a separate piece of paper are openly and unblushingly used. It is because chirography executed on parallel lines more pleasingly impresses the mind when the agency by which the result was secured is not apparent.

HOW THE MARRIED LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY ENDED.—Mr. George Dawson, in a late lecture on the great founder of Methodism, gave the following details. When Wesley settled he said, "It would be more useful to marry." There is nothing like giving that sort of pretty facing to your wishes. I have known a friend, when he was going to move from a little living to a large one, say that it was because he was going to "a larger sphere of usefulness." A certain witty man used to say that whenever a clergyman went from a little living to a large one, he did so because he had got a call, but that he would want a "good loud holla" to take him from a large to a little living." Wesley married a widow, who, through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote to her, "Know me and know yourself. Suspect me no more; provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person—known and loved by God and me." It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it—he took his diary, and put the most pithy entry into it I ever met with in a diary: "Non eam reliquit, non demisit, non revocabo," which may be translated thus: "I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shan't send for her back." And so ended the married life of John Wesley.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The Troy Times of a recent date says: John M. Wood, of North Adams, Mass., who was reported to have been garroted and robbed, had the good fortune to win the affections of a young lady in New York, who, dying, left him her property, and this was supplemented upon the death of the girl's mother by all of her fortune. Altogether Wood received about \$50,000 in money and an elegant residence in the metropolis. The story of his courtship is somewhat romantic. He was on his way to New York on board one of the Troy steamers, when he met the young lady. They fell into conversation, and it was soon evident to even Wood's simple understanding, that the lady was desperately in love with him. Whether she forced the courting, or whether he first "told his love," we are unable to say; but it was not long before Wood was the happy possessor of the information that the young lady had loved him because of his resemblance to a young man to whom she had been engaged, and who was torn from her by the rude hand of death. She loved him not so much for himself, as for another, and, dying, she testified her devotion by leaving him all her property.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An appropriate book for a hotel table—A come-and-tarry.

An Irish correspondent wants to know where he can get some fine crackers baked.

In Indiana, bashful young men pop the question by asking the fair to "slide down the hill of life with them."

WHAT inanimate objects show a dislike to solitude? Velocipedes; because they'll never travel without somebody.

WHY are the jokes of a celebrated New England doctor the most original known to the American mind? Because they are Holmes' apun.

WHEN men and women get very old, they are generally, for the best of reasons, in no danger of having their misdeeds thrown in their teeth.

SOME ungenerous biped has a patent medicine to make a fellow rise early in the morning. A six months' old baby does the job most effectually.

UNFAMILIAR QUOTATION.

Great Caesar dead, and turned into clay,
Stops up a bung-hole in the usual way.

A PRODIGAL SON writes from Omaha: "I have to have my only shirt washed by the dozen, for it is in as many pieces, and the smallest hole in it is the one I put my head through."

"THE blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster."

A LADY teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her pupil the terrible effect of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, saying, "Seven years he ate grass like a cow," when a boy asked: "Did he give milk?"

Two Englishmen traveled three days together in a stage-coach without exchanging a word. On the fourth day one of them ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it wasn't?" was the curt reply.

"FOURPENCE apiece for eggs! Why, in my own country I could get a dozen for that money." The speaker came from Ireland, and added, in reply to the question why he did not remain in Ireland, where prices were so low: "Ah, sir, eggs are plenty, but fourpences are scarce."

"You, Sambo, have you fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed 'um," replied Sambo. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one; dere be one little speckle pig, he risk about so much he couldn't count him!"

In olden times, women never appeared on the stage, their parts being performed by boys and young men. Pepys, in his inimitable diary, under date May 3d, 1660, mentions that he saw the "Beggar's Bush" acted, and notes, "Here, the first time I ever saw, a woman came upon the stage."

"FRIEND MALLARY, I am pleased thee has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church." "So I am," said friend Obadiah, "but if thee will worship the Lord with machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness, fixing his eyes upon the judge, began: "May it please your honor, you lie, steal, and get your living by cheating." The face of the judge reddened, and he exclaimed: "Turn your face to the jury, sir, when you speak."

An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and, with a knowing wink, replied: "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors. As to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know; after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I take him to be."

JACK S— is a good fellow, but he will drink. The other night on his way home from the club, he stopped on a curbstone, and thus addressed the moon, which was shining clear and bright: "Shine on—(hic)—shine on as much as you please—(hic)—I'm worth thirty like you, and me—(hic)—how I you're full but once a month—and me—(hic)—goosh, I'm full every night—(hic)!"

"CHARLES," said a staid matron of fifty to her nephew just introduced to society, "you must break yourself of your inordinate love of kissing." "Thunder; but why?" "Oh, because," "See here, old lady, that's a mighty poor excuse; it won't do." "Why do you kiss the girls any way?" "Because they're sweet." "That's just it. Don't you know that sweet things hurt the teeth?"

"GIVE a negro a watermelon and an umbrella and he is a happy man." In an old Southern adage. It was curiously illustrated the other day. Old Uncle Tony, who is very religious, was seated in his door gazing at the starry skies, when Mas' John came along and remarked, "Well, Uncle Tony, the end of the world hasn't come yet?" "No, Mas' John, an' I was just thinking how good de Lord is to us poor niggers to put it off till after watermelon season."

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—the world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs and Consumption.

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared, that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yes, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcome Sallowness, Rough Skin, and Ring-marks, and gave to the complexion a most distinctive (Sorosisian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Ka-thairon made the Hair grow thick, soft and awful pretty, and, moreover, prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart.

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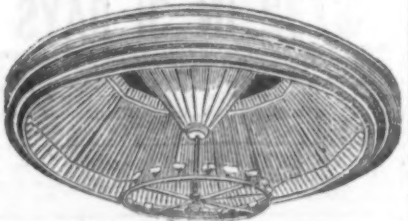
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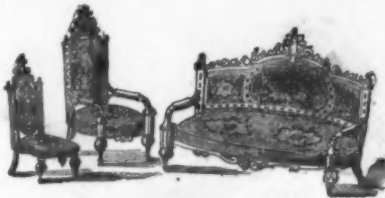
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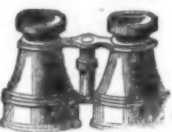
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